HACK/SLASH™

HORROR

AN IMAGE COMICS PRODUCTION CREATED BY TIM SEELEY & STEFANO CASELLI

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HACK/SLASH™

DELUXE EDITION

VOLUME 4

A

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THE GIFT OF HACK/SLASH

2011 Hack/Slash Holiday Special

ART Tim Seeley
COLORS Rico Renzi
LETTERS CRANK!

MURDER MESSIAH

Hack/Slash Annual #2

ART Jethro Morales
COLORS Mark Englert
LETTERS CRANK!
EDITS James Lowder

CROSSROADS

Hack/Slash Vol. 2 #1-4

ART Daniel Leister
COLORS Mark Englert
LETTERS CRANK!
EDITS James Lowder

MYSTERY WOMAN

Hack/Slash Vol. 2 #5

ART Kyle Strahm
COLORS Mark Englert & Nate Lovett
LETTERS CRANK!
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NIGHT FUNERAL IN EMINENCE

Hack/Slash Annual #3

SCRIPT James Lowder
ART Jean-Paul Deshong
COLORS Rachelle Rosenberg
LETTERS CRANK!

FAME MONSTER

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ART Daniel Leister
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INTERDIMENSIONAL WOMEN'S PRISON BREAKOUT

Hack/Slash Vol. 2 #9-11

ART Daniel Leister
COLORS Mark Englert
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HATCHET/SLASH

Hack/Slash Annual #3

SCRIPT Benito Cereno
ART Ariel Zucker-Brull
COLORS Ariel Zucker-Brull
Thomas Torre & Timothy Yates
LETTERS CRANK!
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HACK/SLASH MEETS ZOMBIES VS. CHEERLEADERS

SCRIPT Steve L. Frank
ART Benjamin Glendenning
COLORS Joseph Baker
LETTERS CRANK!
EDITS James Lowder

FANTOMAH: DOWN IN GEORGIA

STORY & ART Daniel Leister
COLORS Carlos Moreno
LETTERS CRANK!

THE GIFT OF HACK/SLASH

HOLIDAY 2011 Cover by
TIM SEELEY

MY NAME IS **CASSIE HACK.**

MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME; MENTIONED ON LATE NIGHT RADIO SHOWS THAT TALK ABOUT STRANGE VISITORS FROM ANOTHER PLANET IN THE NEXT BREATH.

MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN BLURRY PHOTOS OF ME ON SOME WEBSITE WITH A U.R.L. YOU ALWAYS MAKE SURE TO CLEAR OUT OF THE BROWSER HISTORY.

YOU MIGHT KNOW THE BASIC STORY...THE VICTIM GOES AFTER THE SLASHERS. THE **SERIAL KILLER OF SERIAL KILLERS.**

THE **FINAL GIRL** WHO WALKED INTO SEQUEL AFTER BLOODY SEQUEL.

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT. IMPORTANT PIECES TO THE STORY THAT MAKE IT SOMEONE'S DARK LITTLE LIFE INSTEAD OF A TAGLINE.

THERE'S A LONELY LITTLE GIRL. THERE'S AN OVERPROTECTIVE MOM WHOSE HATE KEPT HER FROM STAYING IN HER GRAVE.

THERE'S ALSO THE BETRAYAL OF WOULD-BE FRIENDS, THE ACCEPTANCE OF ALLIES, AND A WHOLE HOST OF SINISTER MOTHERFUCKERS WHO NEVER MET A SCANTILY CLAD VICTIM THEY DIDN'T THINK WOULD LOOK BETTER WITH A NINE INCH INCISION.

AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL...

THERE'S ALSO VLAD.

MY PARTNER IN ARMS. MY FRIEND.

MY MACHETE WIELDING MEAT-TANK.

BESIDES THE OBVIOUS, WHAT OTHER VICTIMS ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

ALL THE OTHER MISSING PEOPLE SEEM RANDOM.

A PEDIATRICIAN, A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL, AND NOW OUR WONDERFUL FRIENDS.

HM. PERHAPS I TRADE IN GASMASK FOR THIS CHIPPY THE CHIPMUNK FACE, YES?

CUTE!

NOW WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?

HE'S ADDING TO HIS COSTUME COLLECTION.

AH.

NOW I GET IT.

CASSANDRA!

MOVE!

SLISH

AND THERE'S MR. COOPER NOW.

FREE CAT AND POOCH! I WILL HANDLE MR. COOPER.

whiiine.

Oh, formerly hated Cassandra Hack, Pooch is so glad to see you, he would gladly make love to your leg!

EW.

Do you need humble Pooch's help?

Ferocious Pooch will bury him like a bone in the backyard!

THE FACT THAT YOU CONTINUE TO IGNORE MY INSTRUCTIONS...NAY, DEMANDS TO STAY OUT OF THE SLASHER-HUNTING BUSINESS?

THE FACT THAT I'M ALWAYS RESCUING YOUR ASS?

HUNGHF!

HOW DUMB IS IT TO HAVE WHAT YOU ARE WRITTEN ON YOUR CHEST--

YOU'RE MAD AT ME.

WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

WHY. WOULD. YOU. THINK. I'M... MAaAAAD?!

SPLUK SPLUK SPLUK

MR. COOPER'S
OSTUME
ERVATORIUM

Would you like loyal Pooch to mark this place for you?

He has been saving it up for many hours.

OH, I MARKED IT.

AKE-UP

MASKS

KRAKOOM

MY NAME IS CAT CURIO. MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME; MENTIONED ON THE LIPS OF SNIVELING CRIMINALS...

LIKE THE "THE GREAT SPELLING BEE SPY" OR THE "GIRL'S LOCKER LECHER."

TOGETHER WITH MY TALKING ALIEN CANINE, POOCH, WE ARE CAT & DOG INVESTI--

CATHERINE!

AHEM.

HORROR SLASHER

CONTINUED EVERY MONTH FROM IMAGE COMICS!!

STORY & ART BY TIM SEELEY · COLORS BY RICO RENZI · LETTERS BY CRANK!

MURDER MESSIAH

HACK/SLASH ANNUAL #2

ANNUAL #2 by TIM SEELEY & MARK ENGLERT

HACK/SLASH

CHAPTER ONE

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA.

TWO DAYS AGO.

OH BABY, IT AIN'T S'POSED TO SMELL LIKE THAT...

HOT LICKS STUDIOS

HONEY, YOU MIGHT WANNA GET THAT CHECKED.

ARE YOU SURE THESE LYRICS AREN'T LIKE, RETARDED, JEFF?

KID, IF THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED AS THE FRONT MAN FOR THE GREATEST METAL BAND OF ALL TIME, IT'S HOW TO SMELL A HIT WHEN I HEAR ONE.

THIS TRACK IS GOING TO HAVE US *SHITTING* MONEY.

SPEAKING OF...YOU JUST KEEP WORKING ON THE HIGH NOTES IN THE BRIDGE.

I'M GONNA GO DROWN SOME CIGARS.

EW.

"I AIN'T GONNA LOVE YOU 'TIL YOU WASH THOSE BALLS. THEY'RE PEELIN' PAINT OFFA WALLS"?

OH FER CHRIST--

THUMP

THUMP

JEFF, I CAN'T HEAR YOU UNLESS YOU TALK INTO THE MIC.

OH MY GOD!

OH NO.

JEFF!

NOW WHERE YOU RUNNIN' OFF TO, PRECIOUS?

HIGHWAY 70.
NEAR GREENFIELD.
FORMER STATE OF INDIANA.

CRACHOOM

FOURTEEN YEARS FROM NOW.

GET UP, JESSIE. WE HAVE TO RUN-- *NOW!*

I AM *NOT* LOSING YOU TO THESE FUCKING STAB-HAPPIES.

GRAMMA, LET'S JUST LAY DOWN. IT'S TOO HARD TO RUN...

CHILD OF DIONYSUS.

MURDER MESSIAH BROUGHT US A GIFT.

AND NOW WE SHARE IT WITH YOU.

MOVE!

NO!

KILL GRAMMA.

KILL GRAMMA.

KILL GRAMMA.

Y'ALL MIGHT WANNA COVER YOUR EARS.

Rehto hcae kcatta.

THE BIG APE

THANK YOU.

YOU SAVED US.

ACTUALLY, IT'S MY FAULT THEY ATTACKED YOU.

THEY WERE LOOKIN' FOR ME.

SHUNK

SLSH

RRRAGH!

GRAH!

SHUCK

SO YOU MIGHT WANNA SCOOT--

CUZ I'M GONNA HAVE *AKAKIOS* HIMSELF ON MY ASS ANY MINUTE...

AND I STILL GOT ABOUT THIRTY MILES TO GO UNTIL I HIT EMINENCE.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

NOW.

SOOOO...

WHO WANTS TO PLAY SOME *SCATTERGORIES?*

MAYBE IF YOU TOOK OFF THE MASK, THIS WOULD SEEM MORE LIKE A VISIT...

AND LESS LIKE WE'RE HERE TO ENSURE LISA AND CHRIS AREN'T KILLED.

Y'KNOW THAT *WOULD* ACTUALLY MAKE ME FEEL LESS LIKE I FORGOT TO DRESS UP FOR A COSTUME PARTY.

BEEP BEEP

HOLD ON.

LISA. EVERYTHING OKAY THERE?

YEAH. NOTHING UNUSUAL SINCE THE BREAK-IN.

BUT WE DO APPRECIATE THE... UH...GUARDS.

WE CAN'T TAKE ANY RISKS.

WHOEVER STOLE THE COMPUTER AND HIT YOU KNOWS WHO AND WHERE OUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES ARE.

LOCAL MUSICIAN FOUND DEAD.

THAT INFO HAS ALREADY COST SIX SIXX HIS DOUCHEBAG LIFE.

AND SIXX'S LITTLE INGÉNUE IS MISSING.

WHOEVER KILLED HIM PROBABLY TOOK HER.

HE'S IN FLORIDA?

OH NO-- GEORGIA AND GERTRUDE!

YEAH, WE THOUGHT OF THAT.

GERTRUDE'S IN DENMARK WITH ONE OF HER OLD BOYFRIEND'S BANDS.

AND MARGARET-- ER, ***GEORGIA*** HASN'T CALLED BACK.

LOOK, I GOTTA GO.

I'M GONNA NEED A LOT MORE CAFFEINE TO DO THIS DRIVE IN EIGHTEEN HOURS FLAT.

OH, AND TELL CHRIS I WAS RIGHT.

HACK/SLASH, INC. WAS A STUPID FUCKING IDEA.

GEORGIA IS FINE.

I KNOW THIS, YES?

NO OFFENSE, VLAD, BUT YOU ALWAYS THINK THE FUTURE WILL TURN OUT WELL.

YOU'RE MISTER BRIGHT-AND-FUCKING-ROSY.

SOMETIMES THINGS REALLY DO TURN OUT DARK AND BLOODY.

GEORGIA

RECEIVING CALL: CASSIE

BEEP BEEP BEEP

GEORGIA

KATIE

TAMMY

JEN

MIST

BEEP BEEP BEEP

IS SHE TRYING TO GET OUT OF THAT CLITORIS...

LIBERATION FOR WOMEN. THAT'S WHAT I PREACH...

PREACHER MAN WALKING ON THE BEACHES...

SHE REALLY *IS* A PEACH.

FOURTEEN YEARS FROM NOW.

EVERY DAY I SPEND HERE, I ASK MYSELF THE SAME QUESTIONS:

WOULD I HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF JUST DYING IN THAT FLAMING WRECK?*

AT LEAST THEN I COULDA GONE TO A PROPER HELL INSTEAD OF FOURTEEN YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, WHERE HALF THE U.S. IS CONTROLLED BY A NUTJOB DEATH CULT AND MR. MURDER MESSIAH HIMSELF, AKAKIOS OF THE BLACK LAMP.

*SEE H/S SERIES ONE, ISSUES 26-27! --FUTURE-CONSCIOUS JIM

BUT I ALSO WONDER IF MAYBE THIS IS HOW I HAVE TO EVEN THE SCALES. PAY BACK FOR ALL THE BAD I DONE.

I PULLED A MARTY MCFLY ONCE ALREADY AND SHOT MYSELF INTO THE FUTURE.

I CAST A SPELL TO ESCAPE CERTAIN DEATH, AND NOW I CAN'T GET THE SAME RESULT NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I TRY. BUT I MIGHT KNOW A WAY TO CHANGE THAT--AND FIX THIS WHOLE MESS.

FIGURE THE DEBT OUGHT TO BE JUST ABOUT CLEARED AFTER THAT.

TOP BRASS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB.

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

NOW.

GEORGIA!

THERE'S A HOT CHICK ASKING FOR YOU IN BOOTH NINE.

THANKS, TAMMY.

VIP ROOM

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SUG--

UM... COME OVER HERE AND... UH...

SHAKE THAT ASS?

CASSIE.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR MIND GAMES TONIGHT, SO IF YOU CAME ALL THE WAY HERE TO TORMENT ME--

NO! MARGARET, WAIT!

DON'T USE MY REAL FUCKING NAME.

OH, SHIT. SORRY.

LOOK, I *NEED* TO TALK TO YOU.

OH? YOU HAD NOTHING TO SAY TO ME LAST TIME I SAW YOU.

WHAT'S CHANGED?

I SUCK AT THIS RELATIONSHIP SHIT, SO I'M JUST GONNA SKIP TO THE END...

YOU'RE IN DANGER. YOU'RE GOING TO LET ME PROTECT YOU, OR SO HELP ME I WILL KICK THE FUCK OUT OF YOU.

VIP ROOM

MY, HOW YOU'VE MATURED IN OUR TIME APART.

DOC, THIS WOMAN TRIED TO GROPE ME.

CAN YOU ESCORT HER OUT?

SERIOUSLY? HOT.

GEORGIA, DON'T WALK AWAY.

WATCH MY ASS LEAVE.

TOUGH BREAK, KID.

JUST CUZ YOU'RE A LADY DON'T MEAN YOU CAN TOUCH THE BROADS.

I FORGIVE YOU FOR TOUCHING ME, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DO ME A FAVOR.

DON'T LET GEORGIA OUT OF YOUR SIGHT.

THAT DIDN'T GO WELL.

HE WAS HERE.

AND HE LEFT YOU A NOTE.

CASSIE HACK

EMINENCE.

...AND LISA LETS PEOPLE KEEPS PETS HERE WHEN THEY TRAVEL.

IF VENUS AND I HAD ANY PETS, THEY WOULD BE HERE ALL THE TIME.

FRAGILE

I THOUGHT SHE SAID HER NAME WAS AVA?

YES, SHE PREFERS THAT NAME.

HOW OLD IS SHE? I MEAN I KNOW SHE WAS BRED TO LOOK LIKE THAT, BUT I FEEL GUILTY WHEN I LOOK AT HER.

NOT AS GUILTY AS I FEEL.

UH... RIGHT.

OH, HEY, YOU CAN MEET OUR UGLY STEPCHILD!

POOCH, WHY ARE YOU HIDING UNDER--?

GROWF ROWF ROWF ROWF!

Keep the dark-eyed man-thing away from Pooch!

SHIT.

I DON'T THINK HE LIKES YOU.

WHO THE FUCK IS "DALE WILDMAN"?

AFTER OUR MOST RECENT ENEMIES, HE SOUNDS...NORMAL, YES?

HE'S PLAYING US. HE KNEW WE'D COME HERE.

NOW HE'S TELLING US WHERE HE HAS SIXX'S CHICK.

HE WANTS TO SPLIT US UP.

WHICH IS WHY YOU WILL TAKE THE CAR FOR THE GIRL AND I WILL WATCH GEORGIA.

I SWEAR, IT'S LIKE WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TALK ANYMORE.

DON'T GET KILLED.

HURR. YES. YOU EITHER.

MISTER BRIGHT-AND-FUCKING-ROSY.

THAT IS ME. HURRR.

FOURTEEN YEARS FROM NOW.

TWO MONTHS AGO, MY TIME, I MET CASSIE HACK AND HER PARTNER VLAD. FOURTEEN YEARS AGO TO THE REST OF THE WORLD.

WHEN I FIRST GOT TO THIS TIME, AFTER MY SPELL MISHAP, I STARTED ASKIN' QUESTIONS. AND THAT LANDED ME IN A VERY SMALL PRISON CELL.

THAT'S WHEN I MET VLAD AGAIN.

THROUGH VLAD I LEARNED THAT A CULT CALLED THE **BLACK LAMP SOCIETY** HAD USED SOME KINDA TOXIN TO TURN AN ENTIRE CITY INTO CRAZED MURDERERS, TWELVE YEARS BEFORE.

ONLY THOSE THAT ACCEPTED THE TEACHINGS OF THE CULT'S LEADER, AKAKIOS, THE **MURDER MESSIAH**, WOULD BE SAFE FROM THE STAB-HAPPIES.

THE TOXIN SPREAD, AND THE GOVERNMENT EVENTUALLY QUARANTINED A BIG AREA. THE GENIUSES IN WASHINGTON THOUGHT THEY WERE TRAPPING THE CULTISTS, BUT THEY REALLY JUST GAVE THEM THEIR OWN NATION.

THE BLACK LAMP DESTROYED ITS ENEMIES. CASSIE AND HER ALLIES WERE KILLED. ALL EXCEPT VLAD, WHO WAS TORTURED AND TORMENTED BY AKAKIOS HIMSELF.

VLAD'S MIND AND MEMORY WERE PRETTY SHATTERED BY YEARS OF PAIN. BUT HE DID REMEMBER ME 'N' MY SPELLS.

HE REMEMBERED SOMETHING ELSE, TOO.

BEFORE EVERYTHING WENT TO HELL, CASS AND VLAD HAD FOUGHT SOME GUY NAMED SIX SIXX, WHO COULD TRAVEL BETWEEN WORLDS WITH HIS MAGIC GUITAR.

AFTER THEY'D BEAT HIM, THEY LEFT THE GUITAR WITH TRUSTED FRIENDS. FRIENDS KILLED IN AKAKIOS'S PURGE.

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A SPELL TO TAKE ME BACK, BUT VLAD FIGURED THE GUITAR MIGHT DO IT. MAYBE HE'S RIGHT. MAYBE NOT...

I HAVE A HISTORY OF JUMPING OUT OF THE FRYIN' PAN STRAIGHT INTO A GREASE FIRE.

FUCK IT. IT CAN'T GET MUCH WORSE THAN THIS.

OUTSKIRTS OF THE GREEN SWAMP, FLORIDA.

KISS IT

WELCOME

HEY, YOU.

HEY, GIRL.

WHY YOU SNEAKIN' AROUND OUT THERE?

COME ON IN.

LOOKIT YOU, ALL STEALTHY LIKE A KITTY CAT.

YOU PARK THAT CAR DOWN THE ROAD BY THE TRAIL MARKER?

SAW A FOX CROSS THE ROAD THERE ONCE.

WHAT.

THE.

FUCK.

LEMME TURN ON SOME LIGHTS.

YOU EAT?

I BROUGHT SAMMICHES.

NOT A TALKER. THAT'S COOL.

A LOT OF PEOPLE IN OUR FIELD ARE THE QUIET TYPES.

AND WHAT FIELD IS THAT, DALE?

HUNTERS. PREDATORS. FUCKIN' WOLVES AMONG THE SHEEP.

SEE, I FIRST HEARD ABOUT YOU A COUPLE O' YEARS AGO.

I WAS LOOKIN' FOR OTHERS LIKE MYSELF.

SEE, I'M A CHILD OF A SERIAL KILLER. MY OLD MAN WAS ***DICK WILDMAN, THE OUTHOUSE STRANGLER.***

AND MY MOM? SHE SAW OL' DICK ON THE TV WHEN HE WAS INCARCERATED FOR CHOKIN' OUT ALL THOSE LI'L CHIPPIES WHO WAS JUST TRYIN' TO TAKE A PISS.

'COURSE, SHE FELL IN LOVE ON THE SPOT AND STARTED MAILIN' HIM LETTERS.

LOTSA GIRLS DID. HELL, NOTHIN' MAKES A WOMAN HOTTER THAN A DAMN ALPHA MALE PREDATOR.

BUT THE OL' MAN ONLY HAD EYES FOR MY MOM.

THEY GOT MARRIED WHILE HE WAS IN THE HOLE, AND ONE CONJUGAL VISIT LATER, ***SPLOOT***, THERE I COME.

IF YOU THINK THAT BECAUSE MY MOM AND YOUR DAD WERE SERIAL KILLERS THAT WE SHOULD BE FRIENDS, YOU'RE FUCKING STUPIDER THAN YOU LOOK.

PUT THE CLAWS AWAY, KITTEN.

THIS IS JUST A FRIENDLY CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO SAVAGE BEASTS...

WHEREIN ONE OF THE BEASTS WILL SAW A LITTLE BITCH'S HEAD OPEN IF THE OTHER BEAST DON'T HEAR HIM OUT.

YOU'RE ASSUMING I GIVE A SHIT IF YOU KILL HER.

YOU AND THE BIG FUCKER ARE ALWAYS OFFERIN' TO HELP PEOPLE WITH THEIR PROBLEMS LIKE SOME KINDA LOW-RENT ***A-TEAM.***

I'M PRETTY SURE YOU CARE ABOUT PEOPLE.

EVEN IF YOU DON'T, I ***KNOW*** YOU CARE ABOUT THAT LITTLE BLACK STRIPPER YOU DROVE HALFWAY 'CROSS THE COUNTRY TO CHECK ON.

I'M KEEPIN' HER IN THE BANK AS INSURANCE.

ANYWAY, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, AND MAYBE MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT YOU AND ME'D BE THE PERFECT SHE-WOLF AND HE-WOLF.

I'M GONNA GO AHEAD AND GIVE YOU THAT.

BUT, SEE, THE MORE I LOOKED INTO YOU, AND YOUR MOM, THE MORE I REALIZED SOMETHIN' ELSE WAS GOING ON.

I FOUND THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS, THE ONES WITH THE LITTLE WEBSITE.

AND I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT ALL THOSE FILES YOU'VE BEEN KEEPIN'.

I GOT EIGHTEEN VICTIMS. ***EIGHTEEN!*** AND I AIN'T BEEN CAUGHT.

I'VE GOT DAHMER, RAMIREZ, AND MY DADDY BEAT!

BUT IF THERE'S SOME WOLVES WHO CAN'T EVEN DIE, THAT CAN KILL AND KEEP ON KILLIN', THEN MY KIND IS NO LONGER THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN!

NEVER ***CAN*** BE TOP.

DALE WILDMAN AIN'T SECOND TO NO ONE.

DALE WILDMAN DON'T FLIT AROUND THE BIGGER BEASTS PICKIN' UP LI'L SCRAPS OF MEAT.

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM SLASHERS, EXCEPT FOR ***ONE THING*** YOU NEVER REVEALED.

ONE THING YOU BEEN KEEPIN' TO YOURSELF.

I WANNA KNOW HOW I ***BECOME*** ONE.

NEF.

HOME TO THE NEFLORDS.

I/WE MUST CEASE THIS BLUBBERING!!

I/WE KNOW. BUT THE LOSS OF OUR FAILED AVATAR, SO SOON, HAS BROUGHT UPON US A PROFOUND SADNESS.

I/WE MUST FORGET OUR GREAT SORROW AND FOCUS ON THE TASK AT HAND: REPLACING THE AVATAR WITH A MORE POWERFUL AND LOYAL SERVANT TO SUPPLY US WITH FRESH VESSELS FOR OUR SEED.

I/WE WILL MISS HIM SO. PATHETIC MEWLING WASTE OF ORGANIC MATTER THAT HE WAS.

FORTUNATELY, BEFORE HIS DEMISE THE FAILED AVATAR DID BRING US THIS INTERESTING AND HATEFUL THING, WHOSE BODY WILL SERVE US WELL. GIVE TO US YOUR ABILITIES.

ASHLEY GUTHRIE.

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, VLAD?

HURRM. I HAD A FIGHT WITH SUPERVILLIANS A FEW DAYS AGO.

ALSO, I WATCHED ***DANCING WITH THE STARS*** ON THE TV.

WAIT, YOU MEAN LIKE DR. DOOM?

NO, I BELIEVE THE DANCING STAR WAS NAMED NEIL PATRICK HARRIS.

THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME COME WITH YOU.

WHATEVER BEEF I HAVE WITH CASSIE, I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE YOU WAIT AROUND FOR HER IN A STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT.

JUICE

GOOD THING GERTRUDE IS OUT OF TOWN, HUH?

YES. BEING A GROUPIE SLUT HAS WORKED WELL FOR HER TODAY.

YOU DON'T FEEL A LITTLE JEALOUS THAT SHE'S OFF WITH ONE OF HER BOY TOYS?

I MEAN, SHE WAS YOUR "FIRST."

JEALOUS?

HURR. NO. I DO NOT THINK SO.

BUT YOU DID GET REALLY JEALOUS WHEN I WAS WITH CASSIE.

EMINENCE. FORMERLY THE STATE OF INDIANA.

NOW, NO MAN'S LAND BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND THE BLACK LAMP EMPIRE.

FOURTEEN YEARS FROM NOW.

I BET THIS WAS A NICE LITTLE TOWN.

ALL KINDS OF LIFE AND SOUNDS BREAKING UP THE DULL, DEAD QUIET. HAPPY HOMES WITH YARDS FULL OF YAPPING DOGS. NICE.

YOU KNOW, FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO AFTER I PREVENT THE DAMN END OF DAYS...

...IS GET MYSELF A PUPPY.

END OF CHAPTER ONE.

THIS IS HER BODY.

THIS IS YOUR BLOOD.

MURDER MESSIAH

CHAPTER 2

CHAPTER TWO

OUTSKIRTS OF THE GREEN SWAMP, FLORIDA.

WELL, HACK, WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

YOU GONNA TELL ME HOW I BECOME A SLASHER OR AM I SPLITTIN' THIS HERE BITCH-WOOD?

MAN, YOU ARE A COLD ONE.

YA THINK LITTLE RACHEL HERE WILL BE MAD THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO LET ME PUT A NASTY SCAR ACROSS HER FOREHEAD?

THAT LITTLE STRIPPER GIRL?

YOU REALLY THINK SHE MATTERS TO ME, DALE?

IF I'M SO MUCH LIKE YOU, DO YOU REALLY THINK I CARE ABOUT ANYONE?

AREN'T THEY ALL JUST *BODIES* TO US?

AND YOU KNOW WHAT BODIES ARE FOR...

click

ENDOM

WHA--?!

YOU ASSHOLE.

SLASHERS AREN'T THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN...

=HUNF!=

BWOK

=WHUH=

SET UP A NICE LITTLE DISTRACTION.

SMART, SEXY BEA--

I AM!

SZVVNNN

STUPID. GOT COCKY. USED DYNAMITE. AND THERE WERE PROBABLY SOME FUMES LEFT IN THE GAS RESERVOIR UNDERNEATH THE PLACE...

FUNH...

THIS PLACE IS GOING TO COME DOWN. GOTTA GO. MOVE. LEAVE.

NO SIGN OF DALE. GOOD...

KRRAASH

FUCK YOU, DALE. I HOPE YOU'RE DEAD.

Hrrahkkk!

UHK!

EMINENCE. FORMERLY THE STATE OF INDIANA.

NOW, NO MAN'S LAND BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND THE BLACK LAMP EMPIRE.

OH MY FUCKING GOD. WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!

NO WAY I JUMPED INTO THE FUTURE AND DROVE ACROSS THE HELL THAT USED TO BE AMERICA JUST TO GET MAULED BY THIS BAD SPECIAL EFFECT.

Hrraaaiiiiiggggg.

Moorb pleh!

EVERY WITCH GETS SOME KIND OF BROOM...

YEAH, I CHOSE A MOTORCYCLE. COOL, HUH?

ALL I NEED IS THAT GUITAR, AND I CAN SAY GOOD-BYE TO THIS WORLD, TO AKAKIOS, AND...

...TO THIS GODDAMN PINK DEMON HORSE.

GODDAMN IT. THIS WOULDA BEEN HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT THE THREAT OF IMMINENT DIGESTION.

SHE WHITE WUZ HERE

HrrrEaaaKKK!

GHA!

UUNGH. CASSIE, I'M SORRY.

I'M 'SPECIALLY SORRY TO YOU, VLAD.

Vlad?

THE APARTMENT OF MARGARET CRUMP, A.K.A. GEORGIA PEACHES.

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

TODAY.

I DO NOT THINK BEING JEALOUS...

...MEANS THAT YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE, YES?

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT IT MEANS *SOMETHING.*

I--I WOULD RATHER EAT THE CHEERIOS THAN TALK OF IT.

LOOK, I GET IT. NO ONE ON EARTH CAN RELATE BETTER THAN ME WHEN IT COMES TO CASSIE.

I MEAN, I STILL LOOK AT GUYS AND THINK, "OOOH HOT!" SO I GUESS I'M NOT--I DUNNO, A LESBIAN OR WHATEVER LABEL PEOPLE PUT ON IT.

BUT AT SOME POINT, I KNEW THAT WHAT I FELT FOR CASSIE WASN'T "FRIENDLY," Y'KNOW?

YES.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

IT IS CASSANDRA.

VLAD. I'M OUTSIDE.

CASSANDRA!

HEY...I'M GOOD, I'M GOOD.

I THINK RACHEL'S IN SHOCK.

AND I CAN'T HEAR VERY WELL RIGHT NOW.

KINDA DIZZY. BIG BOMB.

I NEED YOU TO GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL.

YES.

HUNH.

FUUUCK.

FEELS LIKE I SPENT THE NIGHT AT A DETHKLOK CONCERT.

CASSIE.

HEY, MARGARET.

CAN I COME IN?

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

THE FUTURE.

GET THE FUCK OFF ME!!

JESUS. I THINK I WAS BETTER OFF WITH YOU TRYING TO KILL ME.

I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH SPIT!

Most humble Pooch apologizes for his loyal licking.

So long, so long, since Pooch has seen his beloved friend Vlad.

Oh, how Pooch laments the loss of his friends and masters, Lisa and Chris.

But always did Pooch know that misshapen Vlad was still alive and would come back to him some day.

LOOK, POOCH, ABOUT THAT. I MET VLAD IN A REALLY BAD PLACE, AND HE SENT ME HERE TO FIND SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT.

Vlad is not coming for Pooch?

NO, HE'S NOT. I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT.

BUT IF YOU HELP ME FIND SIX SIXX'S GUITAR, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER LOSE YOUR FRIENDS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

MARGARET!!

JEEZ, YOU DON'T HAVE TO YELL SO LOUD. I WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE.

SORRY!

I CAN'T REALLY TELL HOW LOUD I AM!

I NEED SOME HELP.

I CAN'T PULL IT OUT.

OH GOD.

JUST YANK IT OUT. QUICK.

AH!

UNGF.

I'M SO SORRY. DID IT HURT?

ARE YOU OKAY?

YOU DID GOOD.

YOU DID GOOD.

OH, CASSIE.

NO.

NO, NO, NO.

WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. THIS IS WHERE IT GOES BAD.

WHERE YOU PUSH ME AWAY. YOU'VE NEVER SAID THE RIGHT THING.

YOU'VE NEVER *SAID* ANYTHING.

I CAN'T DO THIS UNTIL I KNOW SOMETHING.

I'LL BE IN BED.

IF YOU CAN FIND THE RIGHT WORDS, I WANT YOU TO JOIN ME.

Loyal and humble Pooch kept everything: all of Master Chris's toy super-men and his female picture books.

All of Mistress Lisa's ripped-dress novels. Even when he knew they were dead, Pooch kept their things.

Pooch can smell them still.

The Neffish guitar is here.

THIS MASK. ISN'T THIS THE SYMBOL OF AKAKIOS--THE JACK O'LANTERN?

Yes. Pooch knew the dark-eyed man was bad. But Cassie trusted him, so Pooch trusted him.

It is Pooch's fault the Samhain-man killed her.

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

"WAIT. *AKAKIOS* KILLED CASSIE. WHO'S SAMHAIN?"

"Samhain was Cassie's friend...

"But Samhain was also Akakios."

I WANT THE GUITAR. DO NOT DAMAGE IT.

AND THE GIRL?

KILL THE GIRL.

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO THIS. IT SHOULD BE OKAY FOR ME TO FEEL GOOD EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.

BUT THIS CAN'T JUST BE ABOUT ME GETTING OFF, THEN RIDING AWAY THE NEXT DAY. BECAUSE THAT'S NOT MARGARET.

MAYBE THOSE ARE THE WORDS SHE HAS TO HEAR:

"I WANT TO TOUCH YOU. I WANT TO MAKE LOVE. BUT I CAN'T BE YOUR PARTNER OR YOUR LIVE-IN GIRLFRIEND. BECAUSE THAT'S NOT ME...

"IF I'M GOING TO HAVE A SERIOUS RELATIONSHIP, IT NEEDS TO BE WITH SOMEONE WHO WON'T BE IN DANGER...

"IT HAS TO BE SOMEONE WHO CAN'T DIE...

"I LOVE YOU. I WANT YOU...

"AND THOUGH I CAN'T GIVE YOU FOREVER...

"...I WANT TO GIVE YOU TONIGHT."

MARGARET...

WELL HEY THERE, KITTY CAT. YOUR EARS STILL RINGIN'?

IF YOU CAN'T HEAR ME TOO WELL, I KNOW YOU CAN SEE WHAT I FOUND.

ISN'T SHE A SWEET LITTLE PEACH?

THIS IS PERFECT! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GO BACK TO BEFORE SAMHAIN REALIZES HE'S AKAKIOS!

I CAN FIX ALL OF THIS!

Yes?

Humble Pooch has saved the world?

NO, I SAVED THE WORLD.

OH FUCK.

I'VE BEEN PERSONALLY COLLECTING ALL UNEARTHLY ARTIFACTS FOUND WITHIN THE BLACK LAMP'S DOMAIN. I WOULD LIKE THE GUITAR.

Vile, dark-eyed man won't let gunmen fire at the guitar. Run.

BUT--

Humble, patient Pooch has waited many years!!

NO. I WISH TO MOUNT ITS HEAD ON MY WALL.

GET THE GIRL.

WOOF!

RRRAH!!

DAMN, KITTEN, I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TIME TO LEAVE YOUR LITTLE SWEETHEART THERE ALL GUTTED AND TRUSSED UP FOR YOU AS A PRESENT.

BUT, Y'KNOW, THAT MAGIC GEE-TAR DIDN'T WORK QUITE LIKE I EXPECTED.

I MEAN, I PLOTTED OUT THE CHOCOLATE BUNNY'S ADDRESS AND I THOUGHT I'D MEMORIZED THE CHORDS LIKE SIXX'S NOTES SAID, BUT WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT...

TUNK

FIRST ATTEMPT I ENDED UP IN THE NEIGHBOR'S PLACE. 'COURSE, THAT WAS BETTER THAN THAT EXPLODIN' GAS STATION YOU LEFT ME IN.

WHUMP

HUNH!

SHUT--

THE FUCK--

UP!!

Moorb!!

VVRRUMMM

GOOD GIRL.

NOW, DRIVE GOOD AND STRAIGHT, CUZ I HAVE TO PLUCK SOME STRINGS AND CAST A SP--

SPLUCK

KKKRSH

OONF!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT *ONE* THING...

I CARE ABOUT SOME PEOPLE.

BUT THAT JUST MEANS I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH EXTRA RAGE.

=HA HA=

=HAGK=

YOU SURE YOU WANNA *KILL* ME, HACK?

AIN'T THERE SOME LITTLE PART OF YOU THAT'S SCREAMIN' FOR YOU TO STOP?

'CAUSE MAYBE YOU'RE JUST GIVIN' ME A REASON TO COME BACK AS A *SLASHER.*

POOR LITTLE WITCH GIRL. MY RULE WAS CENTURIES IN THE MAKING.

MY FOLLOWERS BELIEVE I CAN NEVER BE STOPPED.

=UNGH=

YEAH? I TEND TO BELIEVE THE UNIVERSE PUT ME HERE FOR A REASON.

BOTH ME AN' GOD ARE MAKING UP FOR OUR MISTAKES.

EVERY WITCH ALSO GETS A FAMILIAR...

Kcatta rialimaf!!

I CHOSE FLESH-EATING BACTERIA. COOL, HUH?

MY BOYS WON'T KILL HIM. HE'S THE MURDER MESSIAH.

HIS SYSTEM WILL BEAT THEM. BUT THEY'LL GIVE ME TIME...

AND I NEED TIME TO BE ON MY SIDE JUST THIS ONCE.

HUNH. THA--

=KAK=

THAT GOT TO YA, HUH?

IT MUSTA, CUZ THIS HERE ALPHA PREDATOR IS STILL ALIVE.

HAHA!

AWOOOOOOO!

I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU, DALE.

BUT YOU'RE HUNTING IN MY TERRITORY, AND I CAN'T HAVE THAT.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO END UP...

NOOOO--=<

BUT I BET THERE WON'T BE SAMMICHES, YOU FAT FUCK.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

NOW.

ARE YOU THERE, SHERIFF?

THIS IS REILLY.

JUST DRIVING BY THE ELSTEN PLACE.

MAKING SURE NOTHING UNUSUAL--

SHEENRAAK

WHAT THE HELL?!

UNGH. OH GOD.

THAT WAS WORSE THAN LAST TIME.

HUHUKKK...

MA'AM, ARE YOU OKAY?

HUNH...I NEED TO FIND CHRIS AND LISA.

DO YOU KNOW THEM?

LISA ELSTEN? YES, I--

SHE HAS TO KNOW.

SHE HAS TO TELL CASSIE...

SAMHAIN IS AKAKIOS.

HE'S THE LEADER OF THE BLACK LAMP.

THE BLACK LAMP IS GOING TO RELEASE A TOXIN.

THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA.

THEY'LL KILL MILLIONS.

THEY HAVE TO STOP SAMHAIN NOW...

BEFORE IT'S TOO--

PHUNNT

HIGHWAY 10.

NEAR WAUSAU, FLORIDA.

DO YOU WISH TO SPEAK ABOUT IT, CASSANDRA?

NO. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE PAST TO DISCUSS.

IT'S ALL BAD.

HORRIBLE.

DARK AND BLOODY.

HURR I WILL BE QUIET THEN.

NO. I WANT YOU TO TALK.

BUT NOT ABOUT YESTERDAY.

NOT EVEN ABOUT TODAY...

"TELL ME ABOUT TOMORROW, MISTER BRIGHT-AND-FUCKING-ROSY."

NEF.

NOW.

NOW IT IS I/WE WHO ARE CEASELESSLY BLUBBERING!

BUT NOW OUR/MY PAIN IS VALID!

OUR/MY EXPERIMENT TO CREATE A NEW AVATAR FROM ASHLEY G/UTHRIE HAS FAILED!

A COLOSSAL EFFORT WASTED!

LAMENTS AND DAMNATIONS! OUR/MY ONLY OFFSPRING--A STILLBORN!

STIIILLLBORNNN...

TO BE CONTINUED IN HACK/SLASH #1, FROM IMAGE COMICS.

CROSSROADS

HACK/SLASH VOLUME 2 #1-4

#1 by **TIM SEELEY &**
CARLOS BADILLA

"LOVER'S LANE."
GRAND ISLE, LOUISIANA.

FIVE DAYS AGO.

CAN'T SAY I REMEMBER MUCH OF WHAT I LEARNED FROM BOOKS IN HIGH SCHOOL...

BEACH CLOSED

...BUT I DID RETAIN KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEST SPOTS FOR ROMANCIN'.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, SCARLETT.

YOU ALWAYS KNOW THE PERFECT THING TO SAY.

"THAT'S SWEET, RICK. I JUST WISH YOU COULDA SEEN IT BEFORE THE SPILL."

"IT DOESN'T MATTER. AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER, IT'S PERFECT."

MMM.

TUNK

HM?

OH GOD.

KHK.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

HACK/SLASH, INC. THIS IS CHRIS KRANK.

WHAT KIND OF KILLER CAN WE STOMP FOR YOU TODAY?

HIGHWAY 10.

OUTSIDE OF MOBILE, ALABAMA.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO SAY THAT. YOU KNOW IT IS ME.

SORRY, VLAD, GOT TO DO IT. COMPANY POLICY. WHAT'S UP?

I THINK IT IS TIME FOR... "MAN-TALK."

MAN-TALK IT IS.

POOCH! MAN-TALK!

Humble Pooch is in position and ready to share his penis-knowledge.

I AM CONCERNED ABOUT CASSANDRA.

SHE HAS BEEN ACTING...ON EDGE.

WAIT. THIS IS **CASSIE**. ISN'T SHE ALWAYS ON EDGE?

IT'S CALLED A "WHORE'S BATH." YOU SHOULD TRY IT SOME TIME.

"EVEN MORE SO LATELY."

WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR SLASHERS NONSTOP FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS.

NO BREAKS, NO STOPS TO MAKE MONEY.

NO HOTELS OR SHOWERS. AND NO TALKING.

WE HUNT.

DISAPPEARANCE AT LOVER'S LANE

WELL, I'LL GO WITH MAN-TALK'S FIRST SOLUTION TO ALL ISSUES AND SAY, *SHE'S ON THE RAG.*

POOCH?

Strange and foreign Pooch, who knows so little of the human heart, believes that Mistress Hack has given up after her final encounter with her lover, Ms. Georgia.

She cares about nothing, she lives only to kill the slashers she hates so.

Oh poor, hated Cassandra Hack.

ACTUALLY, THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT TO ME.

ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN MAN-TALK OUT FOR YOU, VLAD?

NO, I--

VLAD!

I MUST GO.

LET'S MOVE.

IF WE'RE LUCKY, I CAN HAVE MY BAT IN SOME SLASHER BRAINS BEFORE SUNRISE.

DISAPPEARANCE AT LOVER'S LANE

...INDIANA DIDN'T OBSERVE DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME UNTIL TWO THOUSAND SIX.

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME WAS FIRST PROPOSED BY AN ENTOMOLOGIST.

SOME SAY HE WANTED AN EXTRA HOUR OF DAYLIGHT IN WHICH TO COLLECT BUGS...

EMINENCE

...THERE ARE SEVERAL TYPES OF ENTOMOLOGISTS, CATEGORIZED BY THE TYPE OF INSECT THEY STUDY.

SOME OF THESE ARE: APIOLOGIST, FOR HONEY BEES; MYRMECOLOGIST, FOR--

OH, LOOK AT THAT! WE'RE HERE.

WELL, IT WAS GOOD TO TALK TO YOU, SIR!

YEAH, GREAT. *BYE!*

"I'M HERE: EMINENCE, INDIANA. CAT CURIO IS ON THE CASE."

THIS IS NUMBER ONE-ZERO-ONE-FIVE.

THE CASE OF THE GREEN PATH TO BLACK FLAME.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, A PARTICULARLY ADEPT TEEN INVESTIGATOR STUMBLED UPON THE TRAIL OF THE ***BLACK LAMP SOCIETY***, A CULT THAT UTILIZES A ***DARK FLAME*** IN ITS RITUALS.

THE LIQUID THAT CAUSES THIS FLAME IS ALSO CAPABLE OF TURNING NICE PEOPLE INTO NOT-SO-NICE MURDEROUS NUTTIES.

THE SOCIETY SENT ITS MOST DANGEROUS ASSASSIN, A PUMPKIN-FACED MAN, TO GET THE YOUNG DETECTIVE OFF ITS TRAIL.

THOUGH SHE WAS STABBED JUST ABOVE HER HEART WITH SEVEN INCHES OF STAINLESS STEEL, THE ***GIRL SHERLOCK*** DID NOT DIE.

SHE AWOKE FROM HER COMA TWELVE YEARS LATER, TO FIND THAT SHE WAS AN ADULT, THAT HER FORMERLY STUPID LITTLE BROTHER WAS NOW A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER...

...AND THAT TELEVISION SHOWS ABOUT CRIMINAL SCIENCE INVESTIGATORS HAD MADE SMARTER CRIMINALS, CAUSING MANY OF HER BELOVED ***BMJ CRIME LAB*** PRODUCTS TO BE OBSOLETE.

OOH. CANADIAN QUARTER.

BUT THE NOW ***GROWN-UP DETECTIVE*** KNEW THAT A GOOD INVESTIGATOR NEVER GIVES UP.

SOON SHE WAS BACK TO HER OLD TRICKS, FINDING A BANK ACCOUNT DIVERTED FROM A BLACK LAMP FRONT COMPANY TO PROVIDE A WAGE TO A MEMBER IN EMINENCE, INDIANA.

Eminence
1 mile

YES, CAT CURIO WOULD FIND THE BLACK LAMP AND BRING THEM TO JUSTICE FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST ALL OF HUMANITY!

SCRATCH THAT.

CAT CURIO WILL FIND THE BLACK LAMP. SHE'LL FIND THE PUMPKIN-FACED ASSASSIN.

AND SHE'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR EVERY DAY THEY STOLE FROM HER LIFE.

SHE'LL KILL THEM ALL, COVER THEM IN THEIR OWN BLACK OIL, AND BURN THEM TO ASHES.

SO SWEARS *CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE.*

OH, PUPPY!

WAIT--

OH GOSH.

YOU MANIAC COP!

POOR THING. YOU BARELY HAD A CHANCE.

MRRF.

WHA--?!

AHH!

MRRF!

CASE ONE-OH-ONE-FIVE TEMPORARILY INTERRUPTED.

OPEN NUMBER ONE-OH-ONE-SIX: *THE CASE OF THE NOT-QUITE-DEAD ROADKILL...*

"LOVER'S LANE."
GRAND ISLE, LOUISIANA.

NOW.

THE ROAD IS CLOSED. WE SHOULD WALK, YES?

NOPE. WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH.

WE NEED THE CAR FOR THIS.

AH. HRRM. I SEE WHERE THIS GOES.

TWO PEOPLE DISAPPEARED FROM THIS MAKE-OUT SPOT EARLIER THIS WEEK.

THEIR CAR WAS LEFT BEHIND.

AND IF THIS IS YOUR AVERAGE MAKE-OUT POINT SLASHER, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST A PARKED CAR WITH FOGGED-UP WINDOWS.

I AM THE FOGGER?

NO. YOU'RE GOING TO STAND WATCH IN THE WOODS OVER THERE.

WE NEED SOMEONE TO MAKE SOME GOOD ***SEX SOUNDS.***

HURR...I CAN MAKE GOOD SOUNDS.

WE WANT THIS TO SOUND LIKE TEENS ARE FUCKING IN HERE.

NO OFFENSE, BUT IF YOU DO IT, IT'S GOING TO SOUND MORE LIKE SOMEONE'S CHOKING A BEAR.

HRM. CASSANDRA... SINCE THINGS WENT SO BAD WITH GEORGIA, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN THE SAME.

OH JESUS.

SINCE THEN, YOU ONLY WANT TO BE ON THE HUNT.

SINCE THEN, YOU ONLY SPEAK TO ME AS A PARTNER, AND... URR...

...HRM...

C'MON, BIG GUY, SPIT IT OUT.

IN ALL THE TIME WE HAVE BEEN TOGETHER, YOU HAVE ALWAYS FOUND SOMEONE TO GO TO WHEN YOU ARE HURT.

MOSTLY IT WAS ME. SOMETIMES OTHERS. I THINK YOU HURT NOW, BUT YOU GO TO NO ONE.

YOU DO NOT LAUGH. YOU DO NOT TALK.

YOU HUNT.

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE COMING TO ME, UPSET, BECAUSE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TRACKING DOWN PSYCHOS TO CRACK A SMILE?

VLAD, WE HAVE A JOB TO DO. AND RIGHT NOW, I'M TOO BUSY DOING IT TO ARGUE.

SO HERE-- LET ME EASE YOUR WORRIES.

THERE! A SMILE!

COOL, HUH?

NOW, IF YOU'D KINDLY SCOOT INTO THE TREES OVER THERE, I GOTTA GET READY.

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BE IN THE PROPER MOOD IF THIS IS GOING TO SOUND AUTHENTIC.

HURR.

YEAH, RAN RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF THE CRUISER.

POLICE

IF I HADN'T BEEN IN SUCH A HURRY, I'D HAVE PICKED HIM UP AND BROUGHT HIM BACK FOR YOUR VETERINARIAN GIRLFRIEND TO CHECK OUT.

YEAH. I'M BUSY NOW, BUT LET'S GET TOGETHER LATER TONIGHT FOR A BEER AND SOME POOL.

OKAY. YEAH. LATER, KRANK.

IN THE NAME OF THE DARK FLAME THAT LEADS US AWAY FROM DEATH'S EMBRACE, I SIT BEFORE YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE BLACK LAMP.

PEARL "MAGGIE" REILLY-- SISTER.

WE WISH TO HONOR YOU THIS EVENING FOR YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LAMP.

I DO ONLY WHAT MY FAITH ASKS OF ME. I PROTECT THE PALADINS, THEY WHO PREPARE THE WORLD, WITH MY LIFE.

I OBSERVE CASSANDRA HACK AND HER FOLLOWERS, JUST AS YOU HAVE DIRECTED.

OUR DAY WILL COME IN YOUR LIFETIME, SISTER.

THE BLACK FLAME WILL BURN ACROSS THE NATION AND ALL WILL KNOW THE WAY OF AKAKIOS.

THE BLACK LAMP IS GOING TO RELEASE A TOXIN.

THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OVER AMERICA.

MAY THE DARK FLAME LIGHT YOUR DAYS, SISTER.

PHUNNT

Y--YES. AND YOURS AS WELL, BROTHER.

OH YEAH. YEAH, BABY.

RIGHT THERE.

OOOH.

visitor outside.

MMM, YEAH. YOU'RE SO GOOD.

HURRR.

OOOH, BABY. BABY, BABY.

rite rear passenger door.

KHK HK.

HNK.

HNNNK!

HUNF!!

CASSANDRA! NO MORE SEXY NOISE!

THERE IS MORE THAN ONE!

GODDAMN!

THEY'RE FAST AS SHIT!

HNK.

KKK HNK.

LOOK WHERE IT TOUCHED THE CAR!

ACID.

EMINENCE.

YEAH, AVA. NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT.

THANK YOU, LISA.

BUT I THINK YOU'RE BEING TOO KIND.

I WAS ENGINEERED TO BE A PERFECT MALE COMPANION.

APPARENTLY SEWING SKILLS WEREN'T INCLUDED IN THE PACKAGE.

ARE YOU AND SAM STILL THINKING ABOUT LEAVING TOMORROW?

THAT'S THE PLAN. WE HAVE A MISSION TO COMPLETE--

NOT TO MENTION THAT WE'VE SURELY OVERSTAYED OUR WELCOME BY NOW.

WHAT? NO, NOT AT ALL. SERIOUSLY, WE APPRECIATE THE TWO OF YOU KEEPING AN EYE ON US AFTER THE BREAK-IN.

I MEAN, WHO WOULDN'T FEEL SAFE WITH SAMHAIN AROUND?

HE'S A SCARY--

AAGH!

THANK YOU, LISA.

GHAH... JESUS.

I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU.

YEAH, YEAH...UM, NO PROBLEM.

I THINK I'D LIKE TO TAKE A WALK.

I COULD USE SOME FRESH AIR.

I'LL HOLD DOWN THE FORT, LOVE.

I WON'T BE LONG.

UM. DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR MASK OFF?

AH. OF COURSE.

YOU COMING OUT FOR A BEER, SAM?

NO. JUST GOING FOR A WALK UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.

WELL, YOU'RE WELCOME TO CATCH A BEER WITH MAGGIE AND ME.

MAGGIE AGAIN?

SEE YA LATER, BABY!

YES. LATER... BABY.

ACID. DO YOU THINK WHAT I THINK?

IT CROSSED MY MIND.

BUT THE *ACID ANGEL* IS DEAD.

SLASHERS DON'T COME BACK FROM THE KIND OF DAMAGE DONE TO THAT BITCH.

HURRM.

SAND IS FULL OF OIL. HARD TO TELL, BUT SEEMS LIKE TRAIL FINALLY ENDS--

VLAD!

HUNF! BEHIND YOU!

SPLOOSH

OH NO YOU DON'T, PARTY MONSTER.

URRR.

HKKK.

YOU OKAY?

YES. YOU?

YEAH. THE CLUB KID'S HEAD WAS REALLY SOFT, LIKE IT WAS ALREADY HALF-EATEN BY THE ACID.

THAT WAS FUCKING AWESOME.

THE FEMALE ONE. SHE RAN, YES?

YEAH. I'M GUESSING IF OUR VICTIMS ARE STILL ALIVE...

"...THEY'RE GETTING A FREE STAY AT THAT HOTEL."

EMINENCE.

SURE, MOST OF MY OLD TOOLS MAY BE OBSOLETE. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT ONE THING **NEVER** GOES OUT OF STYLE?

THE **BMJ CRIME LAB ALL-IN-ONE NIGHT-NOCULAR.** FIRE ENGINE RED. PRODUCT NUMBER ONE-FOUR-THREE-THREE.

THAT DEAD PUPPY MAY HAVE GIVEN ME THE SLIP, BUT I'LL HAVE HIM IN MY SIGHTS IN NO TIME.

THIS REMINDS ME OF **THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING DACHSHUND.** WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE WIENER THAT WAS--

HEY, NOW. WHAT'S THIS GUY DOING OUT HERE?

HMM. I SUPPOSE HE'S QUITE HANDSOME. VERY RUGGED. I MEAN, NOT THAT I LIKE THAT SORT OF THING.

I LIKE A NICE, FRIENDLY LOOKING SORT. LIKE MY FATHER--

OH.

THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN.

ARE YOU A SUPERHERO?

TURNED A GOOD MAN INTO A KILLER.

SHHHHHH.

MAD, MAD MAILMAN...

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE SEARCHERS GOT THIS FAR FROM THE MAKE-OUT SPOT.

IF THEY HAD, SOMEBODY WOULD'VE NOTICED THAT THE LOCK WAS MELTED OFF.

THERE...

THAT'S THE GIRL FROM THE NEWSPAPER.

THE ONE WHO DISAPPEARED WITH HER BOYFRIEND FROM LOVER'S LANE.

UGH.

OH MAN.

THAT'S THE MOST MESSED UP THING I'VE SEEN IN AT LEAST A WEEK.

UNNGH.

HK. HELLLP.

THE FUUUCK?

HGK. GK. HELLLP.

HELL--K.

THE KIDNAPPED MAN.

JESUS. SOMEONE'S TURNING HIM INTO ONE OF THOSE *ACID FREAK* THINGS.

YOU WANT TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY, OR SHOULD I?

WAIT! PERHAPS WE CAN TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR.

YEAH, I GUESS. POOR BASTARD.

DON'T FEEL BAD FOR HIM, CASSIE...

NO SMOKING

HE GOT *EXACTLY* WHAT HE DESERVED.

AND SO WILL *YOU.*

THIS IS CAT CURIO RECORDING. I'VE ENCOUNTERED A LOT OF EVIL, BAD PEOPLE.

THE *LUNCHBOX LUPIN*. THE *DING DONG DITCH DEMON*. THE *HAUNTED HALL MONITOR*.

BUT SEEING HIM-- *THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN!* THAT WAS WORSE THAN ANY--

WHOOF!

OH... THE POOR THING MUST HAVE DRAGGED ITSELF HERE TO DIE.

I HAVE TO SAY, ALL OF THIS IS QUITE UNSETTLING. JUST SEEING *HIM* AGAIN...

I DON'T KNOW. IT'S A MYSTERY. BUT I THINK...

I THINK THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE FELT...

...AFRAID.

TO BE CONTINUED!

FOR A SMALL TIME, I THINK I AM SEEING THINGS.

ACID ANGEL. SHE IS A ***SLASHER*** CASSANDRA AND I FOUGHT. A SEXY GIRL WHO CAN MELT METAL AND FLESH WITH A BAD TOUCH.

BUT SHE WAS KILLED BY ANOTHER SLASHER.

AND THEN BLOWN UP.*

*SEE *HACK/SLASH SLICE HARD.*

SLASHERS ARE KNOWN FOR COMING BACK FROM DEAD, YES?

BUT USUALLY NOT FROM ***SO MUCH*** DAMAGE...

AND NOT LOOKING SO...GOOD. HURR.

AH, MS. HACK. I GET REVENGE ON THAT TREACHEROUS BASTARD RICK AND I GET YOU AS A BONU--

KRAK

WHAT, YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU FINISH YOUR MONOLOGUE, YOU DUMB SLUT?

CASSANDRA AND I HAVE FOUGHT MANY KILLERS AND MONSTERS. DEMONS. EVEN A TEDDY BEAR.

DUMB SLUT?

WHY, CASSIE, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M A *NICE* GIRL.

MOST SLASHERS ARE NOT WOMEN SO BEAUTIFUL. WITH SUCH AMAZING, HURR...TATTOOS.

UNNGGGHH!!

OR MAYBE NOT. NICE GIRLS DON'T SPIT.

OOOOH, I SEE YOU BROUGHT YOUR BIG FRIEND.

AND, AS I DID LAST TIME I MET THE ACID ANGEL, I PAUSE BEFORE ACTING. JUST ONE LITTLE SECOND...

AND THAT, HURR, IS ENOUGH.

HOW ARE YOU, VLAD?

I BET I LOOK A MESS.

THAT DAMN ACID, MAKING THIS LITTLE BIKINI EVEN SMALLER.

I BET YOU'VE NOTICED THAT ABOUT ME.

HOW I MAKE IT HARD...

...TO MOVE, THAT IS.

THAT'S NOT ALL. WATCH THIS.

CASSIE!

I'M JUST AN INNOCENT GIRL, AND THIS SLASHER MAN IS ATTACKING ME!

SLAAAASHERZ?!

WHU YOU... WHU YOU DOOOOIN'? IMMMA KILL YOOOO.

WOK

THIS *ACID* I MAKE...

...TURNS OUT IT'S GOOD FOR MORE THAN JUST EATING MY BEACHWEAR.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

OKAY, CAT. PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.

ANIMALS COMING OUT OF THE DIRT. THAT'S CERTAINLY... ODD.

"THERE'S A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING, EXCEPT JESUS."

THAT'S WHAT MY MOM ALWAYS SAID.

BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE EVEN A JUNIOR DETECTIVE TO ASCERTAIN THAT WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A WHOLE BUNCH OF DEAD FOREST CRITTERS RISING FROM THE GRAVE.

NOT THAT FOREST CRITTERS DIG GRAVES, NECESSARILY.

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE FIND OF THE CENTURY, POSSIBLY EVEN GREATER THAN THE DICTIONARY DUO'S CAREER-MAKING CASE:

THE GHOSTLY GHOSTWRITER WRITES AT MIDNIGHT.

AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?

I LOST MY CAMERA RUNNING FROM... FROM--

...FROM THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN.

MRROWRRAH!

MOVE, GIRL.

THE BEAST IS *MINE!*

MRRAGH!

GHUH!

HNGH.

I'M GOING TO LET YOU KEEP THAT.

BUT I'M GOING TO INSIST THAT YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED WHEN YOU CHEW.

SHUNK

COME! THAT MAY NOT HOLD HIM OFF FOR LONG.

Y-YOUR ARM.

IT WILL HEAL.

AND YOUR KNIFE. YOU LOST IT.

IT'S WITH THE REST OF MY ARM, CHILD. YES.

OH. I STILL HAVE MINE...

SHUCK

BMJ UTILITY KNIFE. PINK.

FOR THE RECORD, I'D LIKE TO CONFIRM MY EARLIER HYPOTHESIS:

I AM, IN FACT, JAW-DROPPINGLY, PANTS-POOPINGLY AFRAID.

OH BABY. MMM.

YEAH... LIKE THAT. OHH.

MM. YEAH. TAKE IT, BITCH.

I AM SEEING THINGS THIS TIME, FOR SURE.

GOD, I HATE IT WHEN THE GUY TALKS.

SHUT UP AND JUST FUCK, MAN.

"TAKE IT, BITCH."

YEAH, BUDDY. *YOU'RE* THE ONE IN CONTROL HERE.

HUNGH.

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE FACT THAT I NEED TO GET ALL HOT AND BOTHERED IN ORDER TO RECHARGE AND MAKE SOME MORE JUICE, I WOULDN'T WATCH THIS CRAPPY ON-DEMAND HOTEL PORN.

I CAN'T GET WORKED UP WITH ALL THIS MALE DOMINATION.

IT'S ALL JUST AN ACT ANYWAY. AN ATTEMPT TO HIDE SOMETHING WE ALL KNOW.

WHEN IT COMES TO SEX, WOMEN ARE IN CONTROL.

I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU AND CASSIE, RIGHT?

YOU FOLLOW HER AROUND LIKE THE LITTLE PUSSY-WHIPPED DOG YOU ARE, AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO FUCK YOUR MUTANT ASS.

ARE YOU READY TO BE *MY* BITCH, BIG BOY?

GET.
AWAY!
HUNF!
KRRSH
YOU LIKE THA--
RAW NERVE, HUH?
HAHA.
OH, RICK...?
REMEMBER ALL THAT PAIN YOU CAUSED ME, BACK WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER?
AND ALL THE PAIN I'VE CAUSED YOU THE PAST FEW DAYS?
SHARE WITH VLAD, PLEASE.
THWOK
MMM.
NOW THAT'S HOT.

EMINENCE.

WELL, *THAT* WAS A HOLLOW VICTORY.

WHAT?

JUST SAYIN', I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LESS ENTHUSED TO SHOOT POOL.

ARE YOU OKAY?

YEAH, FINE, CHRIS. JUST KIND OF OUT OF IT.

RIGHT.

WELL, LET ME WALK YOU TO YOUR CAR, MAGS.

YOU, UH...

YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT IT?

NO. IT'S NOTHING--

AHUNH.

OH GOD.

MAGGIE?

OH JEEZ. C'MERE.

I NEED TO GET AWAY. FROM THIS LIFE.

FROM THEM.

I'LL GET AWAY, AND YOU CAN COME--

MMMM.

CRRRSH

GHAH!

WHAT THE--?

WHO'S THERE? THIS IS SHERIFF MAGGIE REILLY AND I AM ARMED!

THANK YOU, JESUS!

OHMYGOSH, YOU HAVE TO HELP!

THERE'S A MAN, AND HE KILLED ME ONCE, AND HE HAS A MASK, AND I THOUGHT HE WAS A SUPERHERO LIKE SHE-RA, BUT HE'S NOT, AND THERE WERE *ZOMBIE SQUIRRELS*--

CALM DOWN, MA'AM.

WAIT. DID YOU SAY ZOMBIE SQUIRRELS?

OH MY GOSH.

THEY WERE COMING OUT OF THE GROUND.

DEER AND BIRDS AND ALL KINDS OF DEAD PETS.

DEAD PETS?

OH NO. LISA.

THAT'S ENOUGH. I CAN'T CONTROL HIS BRAIN IF IT'S BROKEN.

I THINK MELTING HIS FACE WILL ACTUALLY BE AN IMPROVEMENT.

HUNH...

...HUH...

...HOW?

HOW'D YOU COME BACK...

AGAIN, I MEAN?

I NEED TO KNOW.

SUCH A ONE-TRACK MIND YOU HAVE, CASSIE. IT'S KIND OF CUTE.

I THINK YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT LITTLE SLAVE.

I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I DIED SO CLEARLY.

THE PAIN. THE ANGER AT BEING BETRAYED BY SOMEONE I LOVED.

I REMEMBER COMING BACK, TOO. SO CONFUSED AND ANGRY, EVERY BIT OF LIQUID IN MY BODY BOILING AND BURNING.

I KNEW SOMEONE DESERVED TO DIE BUT WASN'T SURE WHO.

UNH.

"THE SECOND TIME, THOUGH, ALL I REMEMBER ARE THE FLAMES. THOSE BEAUTIFUL BLACK FLAMES. LIGHTING MY WAY BACK...

"THAT'S WHEN I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I COULD DO: BURN. MELT. CONTROL. AND I KNEW EXACTLY WHO DESERVED REVENGE AND HOW TO FIND HIM."

I WAS RICK'S ONCE. I DID EVERYTHING FOR HIM. AND HE GOT TO LIVE WHEN I DIED. HE GOT TO START OVER. HE EVEN FOUND A NEW GIRL. NOW I OWN HIM, BODY AND SOUL. HE DOES EVERYTHING FOR ME.

ONE-TRACK MIND.

JUST.

LIKE.

YOU.

SSSSS

STORY TIME IS OVER.

TIME TO MELT FOR ME.

YES.

HUH?!

TIME TO MELT!!

HEY, HONEY, DON'T GO THINKING I FORGOT YOUR MELTED ASS.

YOU OKAY OVER THERE, VLAD?

KRAK

YES.

THOUGH I HAVE BEEN HIT IN THE FACE TOO MANY TIMES TODAY. HURRR...

ESPECIALLY BY *YOU*.

HNNH!!

OH MAN. I'M SO SORRY.

I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER SAY THIS, BUT I WAS *TRIPPING BALLS*.

C'MON, VLAD!

GIVE IN TO ME!

NO.

SPTOO

TRADE ONE MISTRESS FOR ANOTHER.

NO!

KRRRRSH

I AM NO ONE'S BITCH.

EMINENCE.

BOTH SAM AND CHRIS HAVE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME.

YEAH. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GIVE CHRIS A CALL.

MAGGIE TENDS TO KEEP HIM OUT A LITTLE LATER THAN I LIKE.

THIS OTHER WOMAN-- SHE WORRIES YOU, DOESN'T SHE?

MAGGIE? NO. I MEAN, SHE AND CHRIS ARE FRIENDS, AND THAT'S FINE.

I KNOW CHRIS WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW HE'S NOT UNFAITHFUL.

I WAS BRED TO PLEASE MEN. THE BEST WAY TO PLEASE THEM IS TO UNDERSTAND THEM.

I HAVE FOUND THAT, WHETHER IT IS PHYSICALLY OR EMOTIONALLY, ALL MEN ARE UNFAITHFUL.

HEY, WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO COME IN HERE AND ANALYZE MY RELATIONSHIP?

YOU'RE NOT AN EXPERT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A WHO--

WHOA. OH MY GOSH. I'M SORRY.

HORMONES, Y'KNOW?

I...I WILL GO LOOK FOR SAMHAIN.

AND... LIGHTS OUT!

SPLUK

WHAT'S HIS DEAL?

IS HE DONE?

HE HELPED US.

HKK.

GHK.

"THE ANGEL CONTROLLED HIS MIND, MAKING HIM ATTACK ME...

"BUT HE BROKE FREE FOR ONE SMALL SECOND. HRMMM. LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE KEY."

LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE US.

P-PLEASE. KIII-KILL ME.

YES.

KRK

SAM?

SAM? WHERE ARE YOU?

OH, SAM.

I KNOW WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO SAY.

SHE WAS GOING TO SAY I WASN'T AN EXPERT, JUST BECAUSE...

...BECAUSE I WAS A WHORE.

THAT'S WHAT SHE THI--

AHHHH!

PLOOSH

SHIT.

I'VE GOT SOME BURNED GRASS AND A BIT OF WHATEVER THE HELL SHE HAS FOR BLOOD, BUT THAT'S IT.

YOU PICKING UP A TRAIL?

NO.

WHAT SHE SAID--ABOUT HOW SHE CAME BACK. SHE MENTIONED THE BLACK FLAME. SO MAYBE THIS ALL TIES IN WITH THOSE FUCKERS IN THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.

DO YOU THINK THIS MEANS MORE OF THE SLASHERS WE'VE ALREADY KILLED WILL COME BACK?

UHH... VLAD?

I AM NOT YOUR BITCH!

WHOA-HO THERE, HANDSOME.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TAKING ABOUT?!

THE WAY YOU HAVE TREATED ME!

I DO NOT LIKE IT!

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

BUT NEVER DO YOU TALK TO ME. YOU IGNORE ME.

YOU FOCUS ON HUNT AND WORK AND EVERYTHING BUT VLAD.

I SHOULD NOT HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW YOU FEEL FROM MAN-TALK WITH POOCH--

MAN-TALK?

YOU SHOULD BE TELLING ME.

I DO NOT FOLLOW YOU BECAUSE YOUR PUSSY WHIPS ME!

I AM NOT YOUR SLAVE, OR YOUR BODYGUARD, OR YOUR DOG.

I AM YOUR PARTNER.

I AM YOUR FRIEND!

AND WHEN I THINK YOU ARE FEELING BAD, I DO NOT WANT A FAKE SMILE AND A BRUSH OFF.

YESP!

OH JEEZ. VLAD, SORRY. JUST A SEC.

IT'S CHRIS.

BEEP BEEP

CHRIS. WHAT? MAKE IT SHORT.

I HOPE YOU GUYS AREN'T FAR AWAY.

SOMETHING BIG IS GOING DOWN HERE. SOMETHING BAD.

"WE FOUND A GIRL WHO SWORE SHE'D BEEN CHASED BY UNDEAD ANIMALS..."

...AND THAT CAN ONLY MEAN, SOMEHOW...

OH SHIT, VLAD. ANOTHER ONE.

"...BOBBY BRUNSWICK IS BACK."

TO BE CONTINUED!

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

C'MON, LISA! PICK UP!

COP

GODDAMN IT. SHE'S NOT PICKING UP.

MAGGIE, FLOOR IT.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE...

"...BUT WE NEED TO JUST CALM DOWN AND RELAX.

"LISA IS FINE. THIS IS THE REAL WORLD.

"ONCE SOMETHING IS DEAD, IT *STAYS* DEAD."

IT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW, BUT TRUST ME: IF THIS CHICK SAYS SHE SAW UNDEAD PETS...

...WE HAVE A VERY GOOD REASON TO BE FILLING OUR PANTS.

UM. NO ONE'S ASKED, BUT "THIS CHICK" IS *CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE.*

OH. UHH... RIGHT.

I'M CHRIS, AND THIS IS MAGGIE... UHH...INTREPID SHERIFF.

OH NO.

MAGGIE!

OHMYGOSH! BAMBI!

SHI--

SHOOT!

SCREEECH

POLICE

OH FUCK. EVERYONE OKAY?

=HUNF=

I DON'T THINK THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT.

KAMIKAZE BAMBIS!!

GRAND ISLE, LOUISIANA.

WE'RE TWELVE FUCKING HOURS FROM EMINENCE.

THERE'S NO WAY WE'LL GET THERE IN TIME.

WE CAN ONLY DRIVE AND HOPE.

EACH
CLOSED

HOW CAN THIS BE? THEY'RE BREAKING THE FUCKING RULES!

ANGEL WAS THE *BIG D* DEAD.

BOBBY, TOO. I BLEW HIS HEAD OFF.

HURRM. THE RULES HAVE CHANGED.

ALL RIGHT. FINE. WE'RE GOING TO TALK THIS OUT.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH I HAVE TO DRIVE HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WORRIED THAT OUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO END UP AS LITTLE PIECES IN SOME *WALKING DEAD* PET'S SHIT.

DON'T PUT ME THROUGH THE OL' "PISSED-OFF-VLAD-ONLY-GRUNTS-AT-ME" SCENARIO FOR TWELVE FUCKING HOURS ON TOP OF THAT.

HURR. I HAVE SAID WHAT I HAD TO BE SAYING.

I KNOW. AND, LOOK... YOU'RE *RIGHT* OKAY?

I *DO* TAKE YOU FOR GRANTED. I KEEP LOOKING OUTSIDE OF THE *TWO OF US* FOR SOLUTIONS TO MY PROBLEMS.

AND WHAT HAPPENS? I DRAG INNOCENT PEOPLE INTO OUR WORLD. INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO GET HURT OR DIE, JUST BECAUSE I THOUGHT I DESERVED A FRIEND OR SOME LOVE OR A FUCKING LAY.

GEORGIA ALMOST GOT KILLED BECAUSE OF ME. AND NOW THEY ATTACK LISA--A PREGNANT WOMAN, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

VLAD, YOU'RE NOT, NOR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN, MY *BITCH*, OR MY BODYGUARD, OR WHATEVER ELSE ANGEL SAID.

YOU'RE MY PARTNER. YOU'RE MY FRIEND. MY BEST FRIEND.

MY *ONLY* FUCKING FRIEND.

AND THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO START TREATING EVERYONE ELSE AS WHAT THEY REALLY ARE: *VICTIMS*.

WOULD-BE CORPSES WHO WE'VE KEPT ALIVE ANOTHER DAY.

WE DON'T GET INVOLVED. WE DON'T LET THEM JOIN US. WE DON'T GET CLOSE.

NO GERTRUDE. NO GEORGIA. NO SAMHAIN.

NO CHRIS OR LISA. NOT EVEN THAT FUCKING UGLY-ASS POOCH.

WE'RE GOING TO EMINENCE, AND WE'RE GOING TO HELP. AFTER THAT, WE WALK AWAY.

WE LEAVE THEM TO LIVE HAPPY, COZY LIVES, FREE OF MURDERERS AND ZOMBIE-BUNNIES AND EVIL PARTY GIRLS.

FROM THIS POINT ON--

IT IS JUST YOU AND ME, BITCH.

EMINENCE.

POLICE

DID--DID WE SMUSH ALL OF THEM?

SNNRT SNNRK.

NUUURRR!

I FEEL KIND OF BAD, SQUASHING ANIMALS LIKE THAT.

CRNCH

HUNNH!

SNURK.

BOOOM

FUCK YOU, BUCKY.

ICE

POL

THE CAR'S DONE FOR.

THERE ARE EXTRA WEAPONS IN THE TRUNK!

GRAB WHATEVER YOU CAN CARRY!

DEER SEASON CAME EARLY.

BOOOM

HERE, TAKE THIS!

OH, I DON'T USE GUNS. IN FACT, MOST DETECTIVES DON'T.

WELL, EXCEPT FOR HOWITZER BROWN, WHO USED TO GO BY THE NAME OF ENCYCLOPEDIA, BUT--

THIS *ISN'T* A GOOD TIME TO ARGUE. YOU NEED A WEAPON.

B.M.J. UTILITY KNIFE.

PINK.

WE NEED TO SPLIT UP!

YOU AND BLONDIE GO THROUGH THE WOODS PAST THE CREEK.

GET TO LISA!

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

GET GOING!

BOOOM

I'LL HOLD OFF THE DEER LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SCRAM.

THEN I'LL HEAD DOWNTOWN TO WARN EVERYONE.

JESUS, MAGGIE, I CAN'T LET YOU GO ALONE.

YES, YOU CAN. THIS *TOWN* IS *MY* RESPONSIBILITY.

I DON'T NEED YOU...

"...BUT LISA DOES."

MMM. EVERYONE'S OUT.

POOCH IS IN THE KENNEL, SO HE CAN'T WATCH US--

OOH!

I'LL TAKE THAT KICK AS A SIGN YOU APPRECIATE SOME ALONE TIME AS MUCH AS I DO.

IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, BABY.

ZENEPOO THE BEST STEPMOM!

MR. BUBBLE MAN

CREEEK

OR NOT.

IS THAT YOU, AVA?

IT'S AVA.

I'M...HEY, LOOK, ABOUT WHAT I SAID EARLIER...

I HOPE YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN IT.

IT'S JUST BEEN A STRESSFUL COUPLE OF WEEKS, WHAT WITH THE BABY AND THE BREAK-IN.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M REALLY SORRY.

FWEET.

IT'S AVA. IT'S AVA.

OH GOD.

BOBBY.

LEEEZA.

IT IS TOO LATE FOR SORRREEEE...

DOES THIS KIND OF THING HAPPEN OFTEN AROUND HERE?

BECAUSE I THINK THIS MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE BLACK LAMP AND THE PUMPKIN-FACED MAN.

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT--?

WAIT. IS THAT... AVA?

AHH! GET OFF!

ZOMBIE FISH.

SERIOUSLY.

I'VE GOT YOU, AVA! IT'S CHRIS!

YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY.

TURTLE!

SHUNK

BETTER THAN A GUN, RIGHT?

WHAT? UH, SURE.

LOOK, WE SHOULD DEAL WITH THIS.

SHE'S COLD. PROBABLY IN SHOCK.

WE NEED TO GET HER TO LISA--

OOK!

OH NO.

FUCK!!

THERE'S A FISH IN MY GODDAMN PANTS!

GET IT OUT!

GET IT OUT!!

HERE, JUST HOLD STILL.

AH. THERE IT IS.

OH, WAIT. NO...

THERE IT IS!

HMM.

I CAN SEE HOW HE THOUGHT YOU HAD A WORM IN THERE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU AGAIN?!

THIS IS SHERIFF REILLY.

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF **FERAL** ANIMALS ON THE LOOSE.

STAY IN YOUR HOMES! PLEASE! STAY IN YOUR HOMES!!

OH MY GOD.

IT'S HAPPENING.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. IT'S ACTUALLY HAPPENING.

SISTER REILLY. THIS IS AN UNSCHEDULED CALL. AND YOU'RE NOT IN YOUR REQUIRED VESTMENTS.

I KNOW, I KNOW. I'M SORRY. BUT IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT.

BOBBY BRUNSWICK RETURNED.

A ***PALADIN*** HAS ASCENDED!

WONDERFUL. IT IS AS THE PROPHECIES OF AKAKIOS FORETOLD.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, BROTHER?

WE WILL COMMUNE PROPERLY IN THE MORNING, AS WE WELCOME THE DAWN OF **OUR NEW DAY.**

GRANDPA, THIS BEAR LOOKS SICK.

YES, HONEY. NOW JUST BE QUIET AND HOLD ON TO GRANDPA.

I WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU.

HE'LL HURT NO ONE.

SHLICKT

ARE YOU OKAY?

I THINK SO.

I--I REMEMBER THAT BEAR.

BACK A COUPLE YEARS AGO, A CIRCUS WENT THROUGH TOWN. BUNCH OF THEIR ANIMALS GOT LOOSE.

THAT BEAR WAS THE STAR ACT. HAD TO PUT HIM AND SOME OF THE OTHERS DOWN.

THAT EXPLAINS THE LION I ENCOUNTERED.

WEIRDEST THING. SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE ALL HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ELSTEN PLACE.

LIKE THEY ALL NEED A CHECK UP OR SOMETHIN'.

LISA.

OH GOD. I WAS RIGHT.

OH NO.

THEY'RE HERE FOR LISA.

YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS A VETERINARIAN? VERY RESPECTABLE PROFESSION.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

HMM. I FACED A SITUATION NOT UNLIKE THIS ONCE. IT WAS NUMBER FIVE-SIXTY-SEVEN: ***THE CASE OF THE CAT THIEF CAT LADY***. YOU SEE, MRS. CASIMIR WAS BOTH A CAT LADY, IN THAT SHE HAD VERY MANY CATS, AND--

NO TIME!

DO YOU HAVE A FUCKING IDEA OR NOT?!

YES. LET'S GO.

BUT I JUST HAVE TO SAY, YOU'RE REALLY IMPATIENT. YOU'D MAKE A TERRIBLE DETECTIVE--

SHUT UP!!

THAT'S IT.

IT'S OVER NOW.

EVERYONE WHO COULD STAND IN OUR WAY IS DEAD, OR SOON WILL BE.

CASSIE HACK WILL RETURN TO FIND HER FRIENDS GONE. THEN SHE'LL FALL, TOO.

JUST LIKE LISA ELSTEN... AND CHRIS KRANK.

AND I WON'T HAVE TO PRETEND ANYMORE.

NO MORE PLAYING SHERIFF. NO MORE PLAYING FRIEND. NO QUESTIONS OR DOUBTS.

NO FUMBLING AROUND IN THE DARK LIKE A STUPID GIRL, UNSURE OF WHAT SHE WANTS.

THE LIGHT OF THE BLACK LAMP SHALL ILLUMINATE MY WAY.

I REMEMBER, LEEZA.

I REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID. IT'S ALL CLEARER NOW.

THOUGHTS COME BETTER. MEMORIES ARE SHARPER.

YOU CHOSE KYLE OVER ME.

SAVED HIM EVEN THOUGH HE WAS MEAN TO ME.

KILLED ME.

DOWN THERE, IN THE DIRRRT WHERE YOU BURIED ME, I WEPT.

ALL I'D EVER DONE WAS TO BE LOYAL TO YOU. ALL I'D EVER FELT WAS LOVE.

IT WAS SO UNFAIR.

I COULD HEAR THE ANIMALS. IT WAS UNFAIR TO THE ONES YOU PUT DOWN, TOO.

HUMANS LIVED AND THE ANIMALS DIED, AND ALL THEY'D DONE WAS TO BE LOYAL. ALL THEY'D FELT WAS LOVE.

THE LONGER I WAS IN THAT DIRT, THE MORE VOICES I HEARRRD.

NOT JUST THE PETS. ALL THE ANIMALS.

THE ONES THAT HAD BEEN PUT DOWN: THE POISONED, THE HUNTED, THE ROADKILL.

WE DON'T WANT YOU TO HAVE LIFE.

WE DON'T WANT YOU TO GIVE LIFE.

WE WANT TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU GAVE US...

WE WANT TO GIVE YOU *DEATH.*

I HEARD ANOTHER VOICE OUT IN THE FIELD: KYLE'S.

KYLE WAS BURRRIED THERE TOO. HE CALLED TO ME.

ASKED ME TO BRING HIM BACK.

HE CRIED FOR ME. LIKE I CRIED TO HIM TO FREE ME FROM THE GAS CHAMBER.

AND LIKE HE DID TO ME, I IGNORED HIM. I *LAUGHED.*

SCCRRTCH

UNH?

HUNNH HUNH... *FUH!*

WHO? WHO IS THERRRRRE?

CASSIE HACK?!

KRRSH

NOT CASSIE HACK.

SOMETHING *MUCH* WORSE.

Y'KNOW WHAT?

I DON'T KNOW WHY THE HELL I'M FOLLOWING YOU.

YOU'RE CLEARLY DELUSION--

AHHH!!

ZOMBIE DOG!

REALLY UGLY ZOMBIE DOG!

HOLD IT! IT'S JUST *POOCH.*

HE'S ONE OF OURS.

Oh, Master Chris! Pooch is so glad to see you! Something smells wrong. Oh so wrong. Like death and urine.

WHY ARE YOU OUT HERE?

Mistress Lisa wished to take a bath and was concerned I would try to sniff her anus. Sometimes Pooch cannot resist. Humble Pooch must know what you ate for dinner.

HE TALKS.

I LOVE HIM.

What is wrong with Miss Ava? She smells of the stream.

Oh, the dreadful stream, which almost killed poor, loathsome Pooch.

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY A SWARM OF UNDEAD ANIMALS. AVA'S HURT ALREADY.

AND THE ONLY PLAN WE HAVE IS BOUNCING AROUND THE HEAD OF THIS NUTTY BLONDE--

Master! There is a thing on your face!

I must get it! Get it! Oh how poor Pooch can't get it!

WORKS LIKE A CHARM.

IF WE'RE GOING TO GET PAST THE ANIMALS, WE'RE GONG TO NEED A DISTRACTION.

OR BETTER YET, A WHOLE BUNCH OF DISTRACTIONS.

HIGHWAY 20.

OUTSIDE OF TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

HURR. CASSANDRA, LOOK.

THE INTELLIGENT DESIGN MUSEUM. YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO.

JESUS RIDES DINOSAURS, YES?

HURR. NOT A GOOD TIME. YES, I KNOW.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TOO.

HUK!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE DETOUR?

TO BE CONTINUED!

HIGHWAY 20.
OUTSIDE OF TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.
YOU'RE MY KINDA CHICK, CASSIE.
VLAD! SNAP OUT OF IT!
YOU TURN *EVERYTHING* INTO A PARTY.
NUHHGK.
HRRN. I'LL CRASH US.
I'LL KILL US ALL IF IT MEANS YOUR SMUG BITCH FACE BURNS AGAIN.
CASSIE, BABY, I DON'T THINK I *CAN* DIE ANYMORE.
INTELLIGENT DESIGN MUSEUM
1000 FT
BESIDES, YOU WON'T *LET* YOURSELF DIE.
YOU STILL THINK YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

HRRRANGH! VLAD!!

WOOF!

I CAN'T DRIVE AND FIGHT *ANGEL* AT THE SAME TIME!

SO.

SNAP.

THE FUCK.

OUT OF IT!!

BREASSSSSSTS--

WUH?!

HOW 'BOUT A DETOOOOOR?

SLAM

SCREEETCH

AHHH!

POOOM

GAH!

GODDAMN IT. SHE MIGHT BE RIGHT.

SHE *WON'T* FUCKING DIE.

NUUUH...

VLAD! ARE YOU WITH ME?

HUH? ERR, YES, YES... BREASTS.

UH, VLAD... PRETEND THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

THAP

KOOM

IT'S WORKING!

MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE AND I WILL KEEP THEM BUSY!

CAT, THAT'S ONLY ONE DOWN, WITH A SHITLOAD TO GO.

BOOM

AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WAYS TO KILL THESE THINGS QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY "PETA!"

ARE YOU A XOLOITZCUINTLE-- YOU KNOW, A MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOG? YOU SORT OF LOOK LIKE ONE...

...AND HOW DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK? WE TAUGHT OUR RETRIEVER TO SPEAK, BUT SHE NEVER SAID REAL WORDS.

I ALWAYS WANTED HER TO TALK, THOUGH. ANIMALS SEEM LIKE MUCH BETTER LISTENERS THAN PEOPLE...

whiiine

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS, AVA?

MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE KENNEL.

I KNOW YOU'D DO ANYTHING FOR LISA.

BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS ALONE...

"...I JUST HOPE LISA'S ALL RIGHT IN THERE."

YOU ARRRE STANDING IN THE WAY OF JUSTICE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE: ONE OF THE BLACK LAMP'S PALADINS.

A PREPARER.

THE LAMP USES YOUR SPITE TO SPREAD FEAR, BUT THEY CARE LITTLE FOR YOUR "*JUSTICE*."

TO THEM YOU'RE JUST A TOOL. A BAD MEMORY...

...ONE THAT DOESN'T KNOW IT'S *FORGOTTEN*.

RRRAAARGGH!!

THE HOME OF SHERIFF MAGGIE REILLY.

AAAAAGH!

SQUUAWN!

SQQQWARK!

NOOO!

JESUS.

DIDN'T THINK. JUST REACTED. WENT STRAIGHT FOR MY GUN. FOR MY BADGE.

BUT I'M NOT THE SHERIFF.

I'M A PLANT. A SECRET AGENT. A LIAR. I'M SOMEONE WHO'D SHOOT AN **UNARMED GIRL** IN THE FACE BECAUSE SHE WAS A THREAT TO MY CAUSE...

AND I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE **DEATHS** OF **MILLIONS** OF PEOPLE.

INTELLIGENT DESIGN MUSEUM.

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

WOW. I DID *NOT* KNOW THAT.

APPARENTLY, HUMANS LIVED SIDE BY SIDE WITH T-REXES.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

What did Dinosaurs eat?

Before man's fall, animals were vegetarians. In a 'very good' creation no animal would die, so there were no carnivores. All the beasts of the earth, not just the 'beasts of the field' that God brought to Adam to name, ate only plants. And we know that dinosaurs loved watermelons and pineapples.

IT SAYS HERE THAT DINOSAURS USED THEIR TEETH TO CRACK THE SHELLS OF COCONUTS AND THE RINDS OF FRUIT.

YOU KNOW, BECAUSE THE GARDEN OF EDEN WAS A PEACEFUL PLACE WHERE MAN AND DINOSAUR LIVED IN HARMONY, AS GOD DECREED.

ALL THAT BULLSHIT, *JUST* TO DENY EVOLUTION.

PRETTY FUNNY, RIGHT?

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE, HACK. I CAN HEAR YOU.

BESIDES, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PRETEND TO CARE ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS, YOU'D NEVER MISS THE CHANCE TO FINISH ME OFF.

YOU CARE FAR MORE ABOUT THE HUNT THAN YOU DO ABOUT ANY PERSON.

ADAM AND EVE IN THEIR LITTLE PERFECT POOL.

IT'D BE MORE ACCURATE IF THEY WERE WALLOWING IN THE SAME SHIT-SMELLING OIL THAT TURNED THE GULF INTO A TOXIC HELLHOLE. GOD'S FAVORITE CREATIONS DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST.

FUNNY, RIGHT?

EXCEPT YOU CAN'T SAY ***SHIT***, CASSIE.

YOU DENY EVOLUTION JUST AS MUCH AS THE IGNORANT FUCKS WHO BUILT THIS PLACE.

GOD'S WORD

THE WAKING MAN, ***X-O***, ***ASHLEY GUTHRIE***...TOP PREDATORS. AND NOW ME AND THIS ***BOBBY*** GUY WHO CAME BACK AGAIN--WE'RE DARWIN AT WORK.

THE BEST OF THE PREDATORS, EVOLVING TO THE NEXT FORM.

SMARTER. STRONGER. MORE DANGEROUS.

BUT YOU TRY TO ***SAVE*** THE PREY. YOU HELP THEM STAY ALIVE, AND THEY FUCK UP THE GENE POOL.

ALTRUISM IS THE ***BANE*** OF EVOLUTION, CASSIE.

YOU'RE NOT A SAVIOR.

SSSSS

YOU'RE A FUCKING *DINOSAUR.*

SSSSS

PRETTY CLEVER--

OH.

WORTH THE ADMISSION!

ENDOW

CHRIS IS NOT ANSWERING HIS PHONE...

...OR LISA. I WILL TRY AVA NEXT.

THIS IS COMPLETELY *FUBAR.*

WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE THING GOING FOR US...

"...*SAMHAIN* IS THERE."

WHY WON'T YOU DIE?

NO ONE LIVES THROUGH ALL THAT.

NO ONE ALIVE.

HUNGH!

SPLUTCH

BUT CAN YOU LIVE...WITHOUT YOUR HEARRRT?

NO. YOUR EYE. I--I *KNOW* YOU.

WHO ARRRRE YOU?

I... DON'T... KNOW.

KRAK

WE'RE HERE TO *CHEW ASS* AND *KICK BUBBLE GUM*--

OH SHIT!

SAM!!

SHUCK

THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. GO DIE ELSEWHERRRRE.

AH!! IT'S SO SQUEEZY!

OWW!

HNNGH. AVA.

YOU CARE ABOUT HERRR?

YOU'LL TELL ME HOW I KNOW YOU...

NO.

KRAK

...OR I'LL DO TERRIBLE THINGS TO HER SOFT BODY.

UNGHF!

NOT *THAT* SOFT.

HUUNHHH.

RRAAGH!

NO!

SHUNK

MAGGIE!!

OH NO.

SLSH

GAS TANK

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

SHE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!

T--TAKE MY BAG. THE OIL...USE IT. B--BURN HIM... IT'LL KILL HIM.

SAMHAIN. I MEAN, SAMHAIN.

HE'S GOING TO KILL...SO MANY...

HE'S AK--AK--AKAKIOS. THE... FOUNDER OF THE BLACK LAMP SOC--

GOD.

LISA'S NEW MAN. YOU'RE JUST LIKE KYLE.

STUPID AND SELF-CENTERRRED.

SLAM

AGK!

MY FRRRIENDS! KILL THEM. EAT THEM.

TEAR THEM ALL APART!!

WE DO KNOW EACH OTHER.

WHAT YOU SAW WAS FAMILIARITY. YOU SAW WHAT WE SHARE.

WE WANT SOMETHING: REVENGE. JUSTICE.

AND WE KEEP GOING, KILLING EACH NEW ENEMY, THINKING THAT WILL EASE THE RAGE.

DEATH CAN'T EVEN STOP US.

NO. I KNOW YOU.

YOU... YOU'RE *MY FATHER.*

YOU'RE... *MY GOD.*

FWOOSH

AAAGH!!

LIVE BY THE FLAME.

DIE BY THE FLAME.

NO!

NO!!

NOOOOOOO!!

OH, BOBBY.

LISA--?

OH, CHRIS! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. THE BABY--

SHHH. IT'S OKAY.

YOU'RE OKAY. THE BABY IS OKAY.

THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.

AHUNH... *UHHN.*

The dead ones are dead again!

IT'S THE WEIRDEST THING! THEY ALL JUST STARTED FALLING OVER AS THAT FLAMING GUY RAN BY, LIKE--

OH...IT'S YOU.

YOU KILLED ME.

WE DIDN'T GET TO MEET EARLIER, YOUNG LADY.

SAM, YOU... YOU NEED TO LEAVE.

WHAT?

HE'S THE ONE.

TWELVE YEARS OF MY LIFE-- GONE.

GRRRR. The dark-eyed man should never have been welcome here.

Pooch hates him so.

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.

LEAVE NOW OR I'LL LIGHT THIS OIL AND BURN YOU, JUST LIKE I DID THAT OTHER... THING.

I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DO IT.

AVA, YOU KNOW ME.

I LOVE YOU. I WOULD NEVER HURT YOU.

ANY OF YOU.

BOBBY CALLED YOU HIS FATHER. *HIS GOD.*

AND, MAGGIE. SHE... IT ALL MAKES SENSE.

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

WHAT DID SHE SAY?!

OH, NO... I...

I'M SORRY.

BLOOMINGTON HOSPITAL.

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA.

I WASN'T THERE.

HEY, CASSIE. WHEN DID YOU GET HERE?

DOESN'T MATTER. I WASN'T IN TIME.

I DIDN'T SAVE YOU.

HEEEEY, CASSIE'S HERE.

YAAAY!

HE'S ON A LOT OF PAINKILLERS.

LOOK, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU CAN'T BE HERE ALL THE TIME. WE...IT WAS HANDLED.

PEOPLE DIED. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO YOURSELVES--*TO US* ANYMORE.

IT'S JUST ME AND VLAD NOW.

AS OF THIS MOMENT, YOU LIVE A NORMAL LIFE, LIKE ANY OTHER COUPLE IN RURAL GODDAMN INDIANA.

LET'S HOPE WE NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

GOD DAMN IT.

BIZARRE ANIMALS SLAUGHTER...

SHERIFF WAS KILLED...

AT LEAST ONE VICTIM BURNED TO DEATH...

Fetch News is here. Master Chris says they are full of right wings. Very strange bird, thinks humble Pooch. Flies only in circles.

Oh, how I would like to be on the television box.

POOCH, COME AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

Is Mistress Ava well?

The dark-eyed man is gone. She should be happy.

I DO NOT THINK IT WORKS THAT WAY, YES?

WHERE IS THE OTHER BLOND GIRL--CAT?

Most talkative Cat Curio is playing on the computer. Oh, how she tires Pooch's small and fragile ears.

Are you and much-beloved Cassie truly leaving Pooch and his masters forever?

YES. OURS IS A WORLD OF DEATH AND DANGER.

THOSE WHO KNOW US END UP HURT.

OR WORSE.

Pooch will miss formerly most-hated Cassie Hack.

Pooch will miss **Man-Talk.**

YES. I, TOO, WILL MISS MAN-TALK.

CLOSING CASES NUMBER ONE-OH-ONE-FIVE AND ONE-OH-ONE-SIX.

IN THE PROCESS OF ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS THAT GENERATED THESE CASES, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY AND REVENGE UPON THE MAN KNOWN AS SAMHAIN SEEM FARTHER AWAY THAN EVER.

BUT AN *INTREPID DETECTIVE* KNOWS THAT CLOSING ONE DOOR ONLY OPENS ANOTHER.

CAT CURIO IS ON THE TRAIL.

HACK/SLASH INC.

#5A by JENNY FRISON

Hack/Slash

MYSTERY WOMAN

HACK/SLASH VOL 2 #5

The Return of FANTOMAH

Mystery Woman of the Jungle

FANTOMAH

MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE

FANTOMAH, THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN THAT EVER LIVED, DEVOTES HER SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO PROTECTING THE JUNGLE--AND THE JUNGLE-BORN.

1941. DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, TWO MADMEN PLOT!

SO, IT IS AGREED, *ARCO?*

YES, *LOMAX!* WE ARE INDEED KINDRED SPIRITS!

I DESPISE THE TREES! THEY HIDE THE ANIMALS I SO DESIRE TO GET MY BLOODY REVENGE UPON!

AND I WISH TO MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD A BEAUTIFUL SANDY DESERT LIKE MY NATIVE EGYPT!

WITH YOUR MARINE BIOLOGY SKILLS. . . .

AND YOUR DARK EGYPTIAN SORCERY. . . . .

WE HAVE CREATED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON AGAINST THE TREES!

PAUL BLUDGEON AND BABE THE BLUE AXE!!

NO TREE SHALL REMAIN STANDING!

THE VILLAINS LAUGH AT THEIR OWN EVIL INGENUITY!

BEAUTIFUL AND STRANGE **FANTOMAH** IS NEVER FAR FROM HER BELOVED JUNGLE.

AGH! THE TREES! I FEEL THEIR PAIN!

WHAT MANNER OF METAL BEAST DARES ENTER FANTOMAH'S DOMAIN?!

FANTOMAH USES HER TELE-X-VISION TO PENETRATE **PAUL BLUDGEON'S** SHELL!

IT IS NO BEAST AT ALL, BUT THE FIENDS ZOMAX AND ARCO--*TOGETHER!*

I WILL SHOW THEM HOW IT FEELS TO BE A TREE IN MAN'S WORLD.

WHAT? WHERE ARE WE?

WE WERE JUST IN THE ROBOT, AND NOW WE ARE ON THE GROUND!

NO! WE ARE BECOMING *TREES!*

THIS CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF ONE PERSON!

FANTOMAH!

NOW YOU SHALL FEEL THE SECRET POWER OF THE JUNGLE.

FIRST, YOU SHALL BE *HARVESTED* BY YOUR OWN MACHINE!

NEXT, YOU WILL BE *GROUND* AND *PULPED!*

AND THEN YOU SHALL BE TURNED INTO *PAPER* FOR MAN'S USE, JUST LIKE SO MANY OTHER TREES BEFORE YOU!!

BUT YOU SHALL BE A VERY SPECIFIC KIND OF PAPER.

OH NO.

NOOOOO!!!!

AND I SHALL SEE THAT THE FOREST *REPLENISHES* ALL THAT YOU HAVE DESTROYED.

THIS JUNGLE AND ALL JUNGLE-BORN, FROM THE SMALLEST SHREW TO THE LARGEST TREE, ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF ***FANTOMAH, MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE JUNGLE.***

AND I SHALL *NEVER* ABANDON MY POST.

IN THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT: FANTOMAH IN THE CRUEL CLUTCHES OF THE CRIME CABAL!

AMAZON RAINFOREST, VENEZUELA.

ONE MONTH AGO.

AAAAIIIEEEEGHH!!

AKRON, OHIO.

NOW.

SLIDE RIGHT INN

RAAAAAHHH!

CASSANDRA HACK.

YOU FINALLY AWAKEN.

AAAH!

FANTOMAH!

UH, WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I NEEDED TO WASH AWAY THE *STINK* OF THIS FORSAKEN CITY, THIS COUNTRY. BUT THE WATER HERE SMELLS OF CHEMICALS AND RUST.

I SENSE THAT YOUR PARTNER VLAD IS WAITING JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

HE FEARS ME, AS MEN DO.

YEAH, WELL, UH, WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU.

I WOULD LIKE YOU BOTH TO COME ON A MISSION WITH ME.

YOU NEED OUR HELP?

AREN'T YOU PRETTY MUCH *GOD?*

SILLY CHILD. I DON'T NEED YOU.

I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE FOR RETRIBUTION.

I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO DESTROY THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

EMINENCE, INDIANA.

UH, LITTLE HELP HERE?

VET

THERE WE GO. BETTER?

YEAH.

WONDERFUL.

Master Chris! Humble Pooch hopes you are feeling better, yes he does.

I BASICALLY JUST TOOK A SHOWER WITH A WOMAN ENGINEERED TO LOOK LIKE THE HOTTEST, MOST GUILT-INDUCING BARELY LEGAL MODEL EVER AND I DIDN'T EVEN ENJOY IT.

THAT'S HOW MUCH BETTER I'M FEELING.

HEY, CAT. GOING OUT FOR THE DAY?

NOPE. I'M LEAVING.

ALL THE HUBBUB HAS DIED DOWN, AND I THINK I'VE BURDENED YOU FINE FOLKS FOR LONG ENOUGH.

BESIDES, I'M SURE MY MOTHER MISSES ME. WE DO NEEDLEPOINT TOGETHER. MOSTLY KITTIES.

MY MOTHER IS COLORBLIND SO ALL HER KITTENS LOOK CALICO IF I DON'T HELP HER PICK OUT THE THREAD AND YARN.

IT WAS GREAT GETTING TO KNOW YOU AND TO FIGHT UNLIVING ANIMALS WITH YOU.

SAY GOOD-BYE TO MS. ELSTEN AND MS. AVA.

AND I HOPE MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE KNOWS I LOVE HIM.

YOU REMEMBER WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT, BUDDY?

Yes, yes. Most humble Pooch remembers.

Mistress Curio will most likely get herself into the most dangerous of troubles.

Loyal and kind, but ever-so-sly Pooch must follow her and keep his small black eyes upon her.

Pooch knows he is a burden and in ever-so-much debt to his beloved masters, but he knows in his lowbeast heart you will be happier without--

POOCH.

PLEASE, POOCH.

SHUT UP...

=SNIFF=

AND GIVE ME A BIG GODDAMN HUG, YOU ASSHOLE.

WE'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR EIGHT HOURS STRAIGHT.

IT MAY NOT OCCUR TO A GODDESS, BUT WE MERE MORTALS OCCASIONALLY NEED TO RELIEVE OUR DIRTY LITTLE BLADDERS.

YOU CALL ME A GOD WITH SUCH DISDAIN, AS IF I LACK ANY HUMANITY.

TELL ME: WHAT IS A GOD BUT A REFLECTION OF HUMANITY?

WHEN I FIRST MET YOU, I COULD FEEL YOUR ANGER.

YOUR DETERMINATION.

I SIT HERE IN THIS METAL CHARIOT WITH ITS SMELL OF OLD DEATH.

I LISTEN TO THE WRETCHED NOISES YOU CONSIDER MUSIC.

BUT MY SENSES ARE OVERCOME BY SOMETHING ELSE...

I CAN FEEL YOU, CASSANDRA HACK. BUT I FEEL MORE THAN JUST YOUR ANGER.

I FEEL THE DOUBT AND THE SELF LOATHING OF A CHILD, UNCERTAIN OF HER ACTIONS AND HER BELIEFS, LACKING THE POWER THAT COMES FROM THE VALIDATION OF A LOVING MOTHER.

AND I FEEL THE PASSION FOR A CAUSE, ANY CAUSE, TO GIVE A DIRECTION AND A CLEAR PATH--

A MISSION SO CONSUMING AND POWERFUL IT OVERWHELMS ALL OTHER EMOTIONS.

FANTOMAH NOTICES MANY THINGS, CASSANDRA HACK.

SO, PLEASE, BY ALL MEANS...

...PULL OVER SO YOU CAN "PEE."

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT.

LATER.

THIS IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF A SLASHER-WORSHIPPING MURDER CULT?

LOOKS LIKE A DOUCHEY COUNTRY CLUB.

LIKE MOST EVIL IN YOUR SICK COUNTRY, THIS ONE HIDES BEHIND AN UNASSUMING FAÇADE. WE MUST STRIKE WHILE THEY SLUMBER.

WE CANNOT ATTACK JUST BECAUSE SHE SAYS--

SILENCE, DEGENERATE! YOU, WHO HAVE SEEN FANTOMAH CAST VILLAINS INTO SPACE, DARE **QUESTION** ME?!

YOU CALL VLAD ANOTHER NAME AND I'M NOT TAKING ONE MORE STEP WITH YOU, *SCARY SMURFETTE.*

YOU ARE SMALL-MINDED AND FEEBLE-WITTED.

I AM SORRY, I FORGET THIS SO EASILY.

IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE WHAT I *SAY*...

...PERHAPS YOU WILL BELIEVE WHAT YOU *SEE*.

I'D KNOW THAT CREEPY BLACK GLOW ANYWHERE.

COME ON, VLAD. LET'S SNUFF SOME LAMPS.

AND LET NOTHING STAND IN YOUR WAY.

VLAD, I--I AM...YOU CANNOT HELP THAT YOU ARE A DEGENERATE--

RRRRRGH.

HEADS UP!

RRRNNNGHHRR!

FANTOMAH!

NO...

...DO NOT--

SHUNK

THEY ARE MAKING *SLASHER DOGS?*

STILL CUTER THAN POOCH.

I AM SORRY, MY FRIEND.

HMM. FANTOMAH MAKES MY DOOR-KICKING SKILLS OBSOLETE, YES?

VLAD, FANTOMAH MAKES THE HUMAN RACE OBSOLETE.

WHO.

ARE.

YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU.

DOING.

HERE?

SLASHER!

KILL YOU.

KILL YOU!!

YOU CANNOT KILL...

...WHAT YOU CANNOT SEE.

GOOD ONE-LINER THERE, GODDESS.

AHHHK!

SHUNK

AIIEEEEE!!

HUH.

THEY USUALLY DON'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT.

HRRRRM.

HE GOES TO PROTECT HIS MISTRESS.

THE MIND BEHIND THE BLACK LAMP.

THE CREATOR OF ALL SLASHERS.

THE DESTROYER OF YOUR LIFE.

IT'S NOT HOT. IT'S ALL FOR SHOW.

COME.

NO.

CLOSER!!

CASSANDRA! THE BLACK FLAMES!

NO, MY SLAVE. DO NOT BAR HER PATH.

COME, CASSANDRA. FORGET THAT BLOATED WHORE--*THE LUNCH LADY.*

JOIN YOUR *TRUE* MOTHER.

YOU FUCKING BITCH.

CASSANDRA, WAIT--

UNF

NO... EVEN MY MYSTERY POWERS LEAVE ME.

PLEASE, MY HUSBAND IS BLEEDING. HE NEEDS A HOSPITAL.

WHAT--

--THE FUCK!?

OH GOD.

PLEASE. YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER YOU WANT...

...JUST DON'T KILL US. WE'RE TRYING TO HAVE CHILDREN, AND I'M PREGNANT.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

NO. VLAD, DO NOT...

...YOU KNOW WHAT POWER I POSSESS.

YOU FEAR ME--

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

KRAK

ENLIGHTEN ME, O GODDESS, OR I'LL LET VLAD CONTINUE HIS PARTICULAR FORM OF WORSHIP.

HUNH.

UNGH. MY POWERS.

THE JUNGLE CHOSE ME TO PROTECT IT.

MADE ME A GODDESS.

BUT I DISAPPEARED FOR SIXTY YEARS, A PRISONER OF THE CRIME CABAL.

IN MY ABSENCE THE JUNGLE WAS TORN APART. BURNED.

DEVOURED BY HUMANITY.

HARVESTED AND PAVED OVER.

I FAILED IT.

NOW IT DOUBTS ME--PUNISHES ME.

MY POWERS DWINDLE WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.

I HAVE NONE LEFT, SAVE THE ABILITY TO CAST ILLUSION.

TO MANIPULATE MINDS. TO CAUSE MYSTERY.

KATHERINE WEBER.

C.E.O. OF ARCOMAX INTERNATIONAL. HER COMPANY IS DESTROYING MY JUNGLE.

SHE IS EVERY BIT AS EVIL AS THE SLASHERS YOU HUNT, EVERY BIT AS CRUEL AS THE BLACK LAMP SOCIETY.

SO YOU USED US. FOOLED US INTO THINKING WE WERE ATTACKING BAD GUYS.

WHO IS THAT OVER THERE?

WHO DID WE ALMOST KILL FOR YOU?

GODDAMN YOU. YOU DON'T GET TO TURN US INTO BLIND LITTLE WORSHIPPERS. MINIONS.

HUNGH!

GO AHEAD, KILL ME!

YOU UNDERSTAND MY PAIN--REJECTED BY A MOTHER, LOST.

BUT I'D RATHER DIE THAN END UP LIKE *YOU*, CASSANDRA HACK.

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, GODDESS.

GK!

WHAT IS THIS?!

CASSANDRA...?

SHE HAS CHOSEN YOU.

SHE KNOWS YOU WILL BE THE PERFECT AVENGER.

YOU WILL PLEASE HER MORE THAN I EVER COULD.

BE MERCIFUL, GODDESS.

KILL ME.

THEN KILL THE SLASHERS.

THE BLACK LAMP.

ALL THE CITIES OF MAN.

DESTROY THEM ALL.

CASSANDRA, NO.

YOU HAVE FOUGHT SO HARD TO KEEP YOUR HUMANITY.

DO NOT GIVE IT UP NOW.

NOOOOOOO!!

SHRRK

HUNH. DAMN IT.

GODDAMN IT.

GO TO HER. SHE WILL BE IN SHOCK.

TAKE HER AWAY.

WHAT--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE WILL SEND AN AMBULANCE. I AM SORRY.

YES, MY MISSION IS OVER. YOU ARE SAFE.

THE JUNGLE WILL CHOOSE ANEW. THERE WILL BE SOME OTHER FANTOMAH.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU?

I WILL LEAVE.

I AM NOTHING NOW-- AN ABANDONED CHILD.

LIKE YOU.

LIKE CASSANDRA HACK.

THAT IS ALL?

AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE DONE. YOU DESERVE--

PUNISHMENT?

I HAVE NOTHING.

NO MISSION SO CONSUMING AND POWERFUL IT OVERWHELMS ALL OTHER EMOTIONS.

THAT IS PUNISHMENT ENOUGH.

VLAD.

YES?

WHEN I HAD MY POWERS, I SENSED SOMETHING IN YOU.

YOU HAVE A DISEASE. IT WILL KILL YOU.

PERHAPS SOON.

PERHAPS IF CASSIE HAD KEPT THE POWER, SHE COULD HAVE CURED YOU.

HURRM.

DO...YOU NEED A RIDE?

NO. I NEED TO WALK AS MAN DOES.

A FORMER GOD MUST LEARN WHAT IT IS LIKE TO HAVE DIRT BENEATH HER FEET.

THE END.

WE ALL KNOW THE PUBLIC ACTS OF DEPUTY SHERIFF PEARL REILLY.

WE KNOW THAT SHE GAVE HER LIFE DEFENDING US AGAINST A MURDEROUS ECOTERRORIST AND THE INFECTED LAB ANIMALS HE UNLEASHED UPON OUR TOWN.

WE KNOW, TOO, OF MANY LESS REMARKABLE, YET EQUALLY IMPORTANT ACTS OF PUBLIC SERVICE SHE PERFORMED FOR THE COMMUNITY SINCE COMING TO EMINENCE.

AS WITH ALL OF US, THERE WAS MORE TO PEARL THAN HER JOB, AND WE SHOULD ALSO HONOR THAT PART OF HER LIFE.

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE WAS UNABLE TO CONTACT PEARL'S FAMILY, SO WE WILL TURN TO THE PERSON IN EMINENCE WHO KNEW HER BEST: CHRISTOPHER KRANK.

Night Funeral in Eminence

writer – James Lowder artist – Jean-Paul Deshong colorist – Rachelle Rosenberg letterer – crank!

UH, *PEARL*...WAS... WELL, SHE TRIED...

DAMN IT.

I MISS HER.

MAGGIE WAS MY FRIEND.

I'M TRULY SORRY THAT SO FEW OF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO SAY THE SAME.

I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH, SON.

MAGGIE TOLD ME THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW ANY OTHER COPS THAT WELL.

I'M KIND OF SURPRISED SO MANY OF YOU ARE HERE, BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S YOUR JOB.

ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT SHE WAS A GOOD PERSON WHETHER SHE WAS IN UNIFORM OR NOT.

WELL, WE'D BETTER NOT SPEED ON THE WAY TO THE CEMETERY-- OR EVER AGAIN, ANYWHERE IN THE MIDWEST.

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. IT WAS ALL SUCH *BULLSHIT.*

PRACTICALLY NOBODY FROM TOWN SHOWED UP.

SHE DESERVED BETTER.

SHE DESERVED TO HAVE HER FAMILY HERE, OR AT LEAST MORE FRIENDS.

THE ONLY WAY IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE IS IF SOMEONE SANG "CANDLE IN THE WIND."

I HATE TO SAY THIS, CHRIS, BUT THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE.

AVA BARELY UNDERSTANDS WHAT FUNERALS ARE ABOUT.

EVEN IF THEY WERE STILL AROUND, CASSIE, VLAD, CAT--NONE OF THEM KNEW MAGGIE ANY BETTER THAN HER FELLOW OFFICERS DID.

EVEN ME...

WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE SORRY FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T KNOW HER AS A FRIEND, YOU WERE TALKING TO ME, TOO.

YEAH, I GUESS CAN'T ARGUE WITH YOU.

I DUNNO. MAYBE IT WAS THAT CRAP ABOUT "ECOTERRORISTS" AND "INFECTED LAB ANIMALS" THAT SET ME OFF.

I KNOW WE CAN'T TELL EVERYONE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED: THAT MAGGIE DIED FIGHTING AN UNDEAD SLASHER AND A BUNCH OF ZOMBIE ANIMALS. IT'S JUST...

"...I GUESS I'M JUST SICK OF PRETENDING THAT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT FROM HOW THEY REALLY ARE."

...PEARL AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

...WALK IN THE LIGHT.

...GO IN PEACE.

I'M NOT READY TO GO YET.

TAKE THE CAR. I CAN WALK.

IT'S FARTHER THAN YOU THINK, AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THE FIGHT.

YOU'D BETTER JUST CALL WHEN YOU WANT TO COME HOME. DOESN'T MATTER WHEN.

I KNOW YOU HAVE SOME THINGS TO WORK OUT, BUT I'M READY TO TALK WHEN YOU ARE.

HEY, KRANK. SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

UM, YOU GOING TO BE HERE LONG?

I DON'T KNOW. YOU CAN GET STARTED, THOUGH. I DON'T MIND.

FIGURED YOU'D BE ONE OF THE NIGHT VISITORS, KRANK.

HERE, LET ME HELP YOU UP.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ELMER?

AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SHIT. YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO ASK WHY SOMEONE'S HERE.

THAT'S POOR *NIGHT FUNERAL* ETIQUETTE.

NIGHT FUNERAL?

I REPEAT: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ELMER?

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU AIN'T FROM EMINENCE.

NIGHT FUNERALS HAVE BEEN A TRADITION AROUND HERE SINCE--SHIT, *FOREVER.*

THE FOLKS WHO KNOW YOU IN WAYS THEY'LL ADMIT GO TO THE REGULAR FUNERAL.

THE ONES WHO KNOW YOU IN WAYS THAT WEREN'T SO RESPECTABLE COME AT NIGHT. SAVES FACE FOR EVERYBODY.

SHE WAS DAMN PRETTY, KRANK, AND SHE LEFT HER SHADES UP ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE *HERE*, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

COURSE, YOU SAW IT ALL CLOSER UP.

THAT WAS OBVIOUS TO ANYONE WHO EVER WATCHED YOU TWO TOGETHER AT THE BAR.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO ASK HOW SHE WAS IN ACTION OR NOTHING.

WHAT? *NO!* WE KISSED ONCE, BUT WE NEVER--

OH, SURE. HEY, IF YOU'RE GOING TO STICK AROUND, DON'T FUCK WITH ANY OF THE OTHERS. THEY'LL JUST COME AND PAY THEIR RESPECT, THEN LEAVE.

YOU WOULD BE HAPPIER IF YOU WENT HOME, MR. KRANK.

ILLUSIONS ARE PAINFUL WHEN THEY SHATTER.

HEY, I DON'T CARE HOW YOU KNEW MAGGIE, PAL.

IT DOESN'T MATTER ONE DAMNED BIT TO ME.

OH, IT WILL MATTER, MR. KRANK.

PEARL WAS NOT ONLY ONE OF MY MANY CHILDREN.

SHE WAS ALSO...

...OUR SISTER IN THE SERVICE OF *AKAKIOS*.

SHE SPIED ON YOU. SHE MURDERED.

SHE DID WHAT YOU WOULD CONSIDER HORRIBLE THINGS TO FURTHER OUR CAUSE.

IF ONLY SHE HAD BEEN STRONG ENOUGH IN HER FAITH, SHE MIGHT HAVE LIVED TO SEE AKAKIOS ASCENDANT.

UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE *BLACK LAMP*, SHE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN FORCED TO HIDE HER DARK DEEDS.

SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN CELEBRATED FOR THEM.

SHIT.

YOU KNOW, I GET IT NOW.

BUT YOU EVIL ASSHOLES JUST NEVER WILL, WILL YOU?

IT'S NOT ABOUT MAKING IT OKAY TO BE A DOUCHE.

IT'S ABOUT REALIZING THAT IT'S BETTER NOT TO BE ONE.

EVERYTHING IS NOT ABOUT YOU DOING WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT.

MAGGIE FIGURED THAT OUT.

SHE *DIED* PROTECTING SOMEONE SHE BARELY KNEW BECAUSE SHE REALIZED IT WASN'T JUST ABOUT HER.

SO AS FAR AS THIS FUCKING THING GOES...

CANDLE IN THE WIND. GET IT?

NOW, YOU CREEPS HAD BETTER CLEAR OUT.

AND IF YOU EVER PUT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE THINGS ON MY FRIEND'S GRAVE AGAIN, I'LL SHOVE IT SO FAR UP YOUR ASS YOU'LL BE LIGHTING CIGARETTES WITH YOUR TONSILS.

HEY, LISA.

SORRY FOR CALLING SO LATE--OR EARLY, I GUESS.

YEAH, ROUGH NIGHT, BUT I'M BUT I'M READY TO COME HOME...

HOW ARE YOU AND THE BABY?

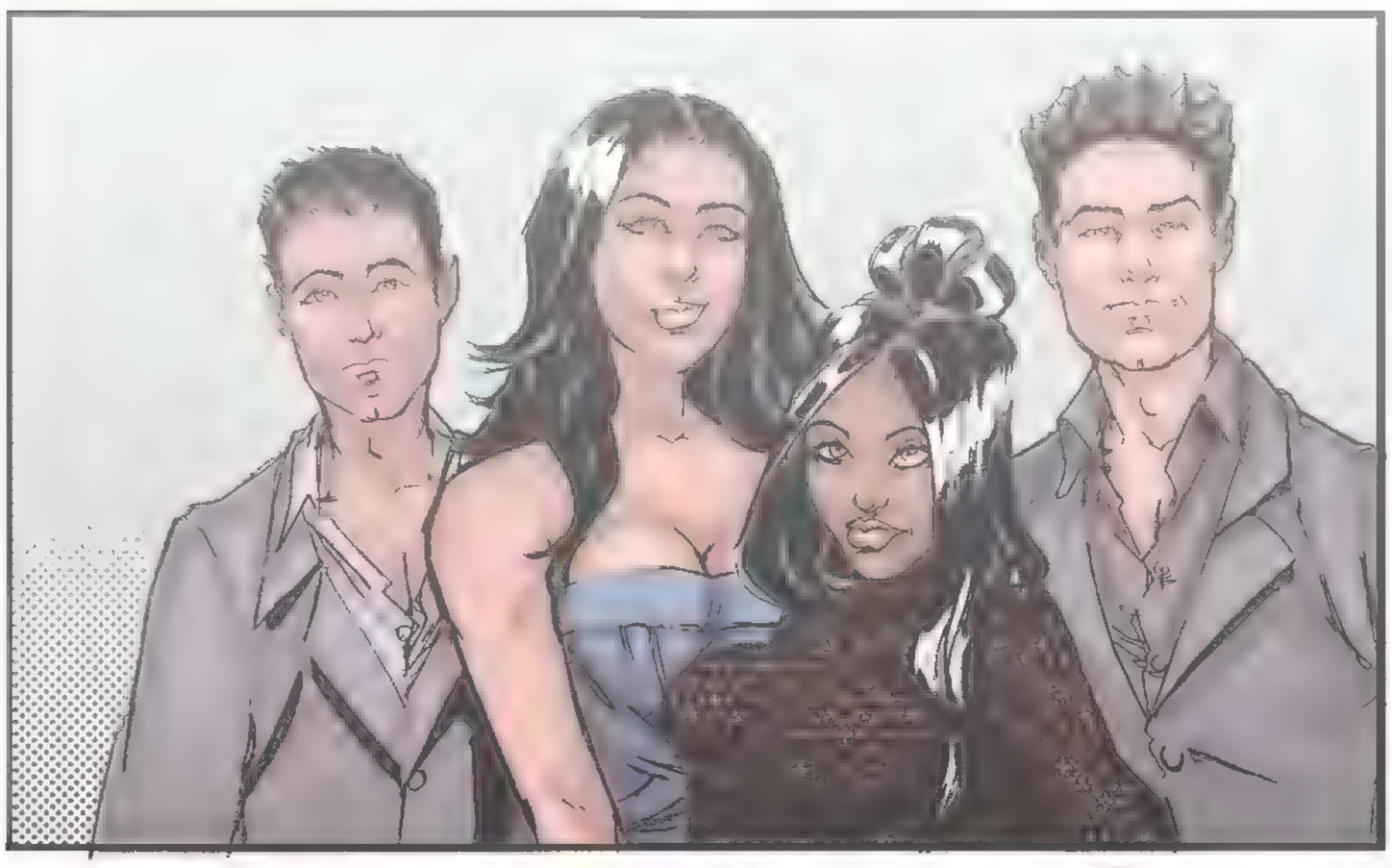
FIN.

FAME MONSTER

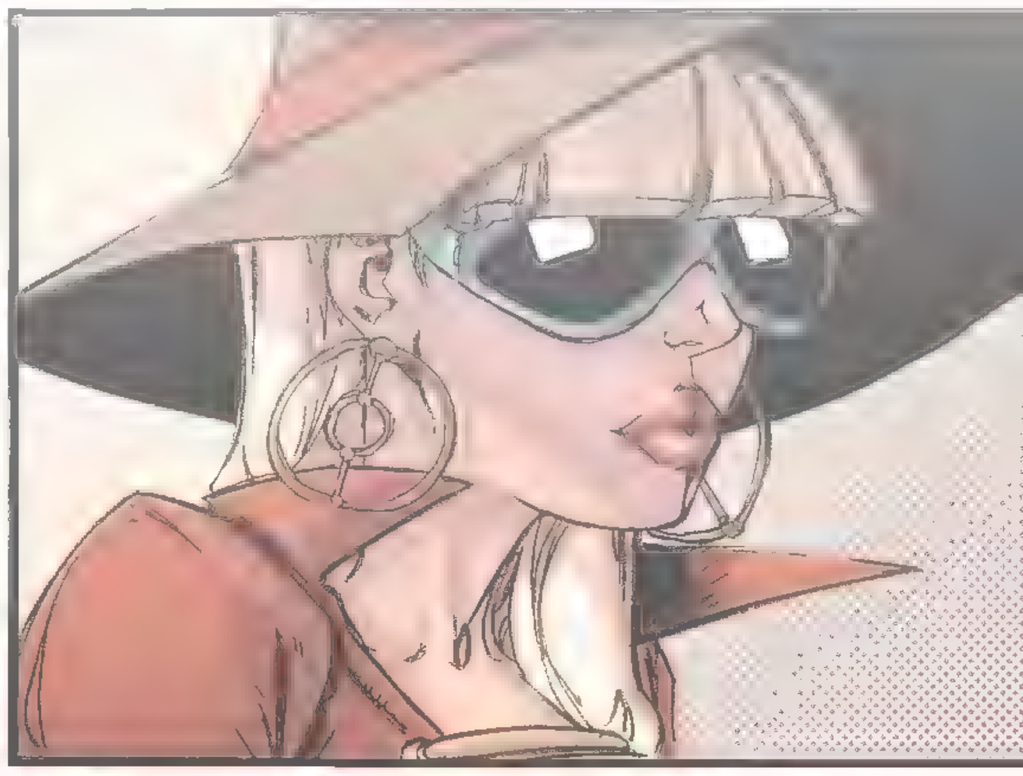
HACK/SLASH VOLUME 2 #6-8

HOME | PHOTOS | VIDEOS | OUT TAKES

- We get the news that no one should care about, but does!



-The Cast of "Douche Beach"



-Art Projekt

Really? Was someone actually watching this peice of crap show? Because if you are you are maybe you ould do something better w your time, like doing heroin!

Fashioneista and superfab diva is still having legal issues over the use of skinned fish as a dress for the Grammy's. The smell still linge in the large room with no letting up. "I don't know what you all are talking about? I wasn't wearin a fish dress?", says the stinky songwriter. Other isues of sm have been plauging Art Projekt for a while ever since she began eatment at the ginal day

SH Waters!
laus Cernal
has beer
seei

Kenshin Shimpo

hell
anyone buy a
cloth? what ar

DWL'11

#6A by DANIEL LEISTER & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

TOO IDIOTIC TO BE SCHIZOPHRENIC, THAT'S WHAT JUNG SAID.

DOESN'T MATTER TO ME. I JUST WANT YOU IN BED...

I LOVE YOU, ART PROJEKT!

DADA DADA IS ABOUT NOTHING. NOW JUST GIVE ME HEAD.

THANK YOU, NEWARK!!

LIVE YOUR ART! LIVE YOUR... ART PROJEKT!

WHOOOOOOOOO!

MARRY ME, ART PROJEKT!

ENCOOOOOOORE!

MODERATELY GOOD SHOW, CREW. PERHAPS ONE DAY WE WILL TRANSCEND ART--LIKE JEFF KOONS.

AND GLORIA ESTEFAN.

ART PROJEKT! PROFESSOR SHANES FOR YOU!

HHHHNNN.

PROFESSOR! HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST SINGLE?

ART PROJEKT

YES. I BELIEVE THAT WILL COVER THE TWO CREDITS YOU NEED IN ART HISTORY.

I ADMIT I WAS HESITANT TO ACCEPT "BECOMING A WORLD-FAMOUS POP STAR" AS PART OF YOUR HONORS SEMINAR PROJECT, BUT YOU'VE PULLED IT OFF MARVELOUSLY.

USING YOUR SCULPTURE 101 PIECES AS OUTFITS IS DELIGHTFULLY AVANT-GARDE.

I CAME UP WITH THE TITLE FOR MY THESIS: "FAME IS THE ONLY TRUE CURRENCY. EVERYTHING ELSE IS POO POO."

MIGHT ALSO BE THE TITLE OF A NEW SONG.

BRILLIANT. WELL, I'LL LET YOU GET BACK TO IT.

I'M SURE IT'S NOT EASY TO COME UP WITH SUCH INGENIOUS MATERIAL. GOOD NIGHT, MS. PROJEKT.

BYE-BYE, PROFESSOR.

ART PROJEKT

HHHHNNN.

EVERYTHING ELSE IS POO POO POO POO.
YEAH, THAT'S GOOD.
POO POO POO--
HHHHNNN.
HUH?
HHHHNNN.
OH GOD.
NO! PLEASE!!
AIIIEEGH!!
AIIIEEGH!!
SHUNK SHUNK
AIIIEEGH!!

GHUH!!

...A FETCH CELEB NEWS EXCLUSIVE:

STAMFORD SLEEP INN.
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

NUUH.
GODDAMN.

MYSTERIOUS TEEN HEARTTHROB **KENDALL SCHIPP**, WHO SHOT FROM NOWHERE TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS IN RECENT WEEKS, HAS ASKED HIS FOLLOWERS TO CHILL OUT AFTER HE WAS REPLACED AS HEADLINING ACT...

Fetch News

...IN THE FETCH "CELEBS-4-CELEBS" BENEFIT CONCERT.

YOU ARE FEELING BETTER?

YOU HAVE SLEPT FOR TWO DAYS.

YEAH.

YOU NEVER REALIZE HOW MUCH IT'S GOING TO WIPE YOU OUT TO TURN INTO A GODDESS FOR A FEW SECONDS, Y'KNOW?*

JESUS, ARE YOU STILL WATCHING THIS CRAP? I HATE THIS "*CELEBRITY*" NEWS BULLSHIT.

*SEE HACK/SLASH #5!

I LIKE IT. ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE WITH STUPID, SMALL PROBLEMS. NO THINKING.

SCHIPP'S "**WORSCHIPPERS**" HAVE TAKEN TO THE INTERNET...

...ANGRILY REWRITING THE WIKI PAGE FOR HEADLINER **ANNA POUPERHEUS**, WHO WILL DEBUT HER FIRST SINGLE AT THE BENEFIT.

YEAH, WELL, IT'S STARTING TO GET INTO MY HEAD.

WAIT, WE DON'T HAVE MILK. DID YOU USE WATER?

MEXICAN PINEAPPLE SODA, YES?

YOU TRULY ARE A MONSTER.

Y'KNOW THAT ART PROJEKT CHICK?

THE ONE WITH THE REALLY RETARDED SONGS?

DA DA DA URRR...ABOUT NOTHING...HURRM... HEAD?

YEAH. SO, I HAD THIS DREAM WHERE I'M AT ONE OF HER CONCERTS, RIGHT?

WHICH, I MEAN, WOULD NEVER HAPPEN IN A MILLION YEARS.

NEWS ALERT!

WE'VE JUST RECEIVED SOME SHOCKING, TRAGIC NEWS.

I SEE HER IN HER DRESSING ROOM, TALKING TO AN ART PROFESSOR OR SOMETHING.

AND, THEN, LIKE, FIRST PERSON...

POLICE IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY ARE REPORTING THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF INTERNATIONALLY BELOVED POP STAR WILLAMINA BUFORDS.

...I STAB HER TO DEATH.

ALSO KNOWN AS ART PROJEKT.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

STUDIO 35

MONSTER B-M-T FILM FESTIVAL:

EXIT

WHO WILL SAVE ME...FROM THIS RADIOACTIVE MONSTROSITY?!

MUNCH CRRNCH

RAAAAAH!

AIIIEEE!!

WHOEVER IS EATING SO LOUD, I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD QUIET DOWN!

I'M DOING IMPORTANT RESEARCH!

Humble and Stealthy Pooch. Almost did he ruin his important spy mission!

Why must **Mistress Cat Curio** spend so much time in places littered with delicious floor corn?!

THIS JUST IN TO FETCH NEWS: SHOCKING NEW DETAILS OF ART PROJEKT'S DEATH.

POLICE ARE SAYING THE ULTRA-POPULAR STAR WAS **PARTIALLY EATEN**, IN ADDITION TO BEING STABBED TO DEATH.

What did Art Projekt taste like?

20% CHICKEN

20% PORK

60% CREATIVITY

SHOCKING.

A FETCH CELEB NEWS POLL ASKED OUR VIEWERS: WHAT DID ART PROJEKT TASTE LIKE?

What did Art Projekt taste like?

20% CHICKEN

20% PORK

60% CREATIVITY

TWENTY PERCENT OF YOU SAID "CHICKEN."

TWENTY PERCENT SAID "PORK."

AND A WHOPPING SIXTY PERCENT OF YOU SAID ART PROJEKT TASTED LIKE "CREATIVITY."

FUCK ME. I DO NOT WANT TO DO THIS DREAM SLASHER SHIT AGAIN.

I'LL BLOW MY FUCKING BRAINS OUT BEFORE I DO ANOTHER "BATTLE IN THE DREAMSCAPE."

CASSANDRA, PLEASE...CALM DOWN.

WE MUST THINK THIS THROUGH, YES?

YOU'RE RIGHT. OKAY. LET'S FIGURE THIS OUT.

ASHLEY GUTHRIE WAS DEAD FOR REAL, RIGHT?*

BUT IT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF OUR OLD ENEMIES ARE POPPING BACK UP, SO WE CAN'T ASSUME IT'S NOT THAT EVIL LITTLE SHIT.

* SEE "MIND KILLER" IN *HACK/SLASH* VOL. 6.

BUT KILLING SOME CRAP POP STAR ISN'T REALLY ASHLEY'S M.O.

IT'S ACTUALLY A LITTLE BIT MORE LIKE SIX SIXX'S.

WHO IS ALSO DEAD-- AGAIN.

WHOEVER IT WAS THAT WANTED ME TO SEE THE MURDER DID IT TO GET MY ATTENTION.

GET IN MY HEAD BY-- WELL, GETTING INTO MY HEAD.

WHOEVER IT WAS WANTS ME TO COME TO THEM.

AND THAT IS WHERE?

THE FETCH "CELEBS-4-CELEBS" BENEFIT CONCERT TO RAISE MONEY FOR CELEBRITY VICTIMS OF SEX AND DRUG ADDICTION WILL NOW BE DEDICATED TO ART PROJEKT.

OPENING ACT ANNA POUPERHEUS SAYS SHE WILL COVER ART PROJEKT'S HIT "DA DA" TONIGHT AT THE BENEFIT'S OPENING AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

"CASSIE AND VLAD TAKE MANHATTAN"?

COLLEGE AVENUE BED AND BREAKFAST.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

IT'S GOING VERY WELL, DADDY.

MAKE SURE YOU TELL MOM HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE YOU FUNDING THIS TRIP OF MINE.

I'M SO GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND HOW IMPORTANT IT IS FOR ME TO FIND MYSELF AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS IN A COMA.

KAT'S NOTES

The Special Book About Important Stuff

NO, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY ASK FOR MORE MONEY.

BUT, IF YOU MUST, ANOTHER FEW THOUSAND SHOULD DO IT.

SHWUMP

SSI-1111 DAD

I LOVE YOU TOO, DADDY. TELL MOM I LOVE HER.

AND TELL RONALD I AM NOT AT ALL JEALOUS HE WAS MADE PARTNER.

YES. LOVE YOU TOO.

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH

MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE!

You set a trap for poor, timid Pooch?

NOT EXACTLY. I ALWAYS SET TRAPS.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOUR PERSONAL MORIARTY IS GOING TO ATTACK.

Munch munch. Whiiiine.

Ooof!

BUT I DID KNOW YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME.

I MEAN, WHAT KIND OF INTREPID DETECTIVE WOULD I BE IF I DIDN'T?

I'M SO GLAD WE CAN DROP THE CHARADE OF YOU SPYING ON ME FOR CHRIS AND LISA, AND JUST GET RIGHT TO WORKING TOGETHER.

I WAS BRAINSTORMING ALL KINDS OF NAMES FOR OUR DYNAMIC DUO.

TURNS OUT SIMPLEST WAS BEST.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT *CAT AND DOG INVESTIGATIONS?*

=Sigh=

MANHATTAN.

YOU KNOW ALL DOSE CHICKS ON THE INTERNET WHO MAKE DIS FACE?

I MADE DAT SHIT UP.

BOBBY VINEGAR ORIGINATED DA *DUCKFACE.*

O-M-G. I USE THAT FACE, LIKE, EVERY DAY.

I PROBABLY OWE YOU ROYALTIES.

SO, ARE YOU GUYS GONNA DO A SONG FOR THE "CELEBS-4-CELEBS" SHOW?

SING? BABY, DICKIE WATER AND BOBBY VINEGAR DON'T SING.

WE'RE HERE CUZ WE'RE FAMOUS AS SHIT.

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS, YA KNOW, SHOW UP AND BE FAMOUS.

HHHHNNN.

OH MY GOSH. *AAMMAAAAZING.*

SO, WHEN AM I GONNA MEET KENDALL SCHIPP, LIKE YOU SAID I COULD?

GIRL, YOU DON'T NEED SCHIPP. YOU'VE GOT BOBBY VINEGAR'S WORLD FAMOUS TWENTY-FOUR PACK RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

LIKE, OH WELL.

CAN WE AT LEAST WATCH KENDALL'S VIDEOS WHILE WE FUCK?

I'M SUCH A "WORSCHIPPER."

YEAH, GIRL. YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU MIX VINEGAR AND WATER!

AW YEAH. I'M SO FUCKIN' TAN.

HHHHNNN.

YEAH, GIRL. YOU WANT ME AN' DICKIE TO RUB OUR ABS TOGETHER FOR YOU?

AIN'T DAT HOT?

GUH!

SHUNK

WON'T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU? INNA STREET.

AAIIGGH!!

WON'T YOU LET ME HOLD YOU? INNA STREET.

SHUNK

JUST KILL THE GIRL, MAN.

SHE'S NOBODY.

SHUNK

YOU'RE NOBODY-- EEEIGH!

OH NO.

NO NO NO.

YOU GOT MY HEART, WHICH IS WHERE I GET THE BEAT.

YES.

HNNH.

"DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM? INNA STREET."

DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM? INNA STREET.

UNGH!

ANOTHER DREAM?

GODDAMN. I HATE COUGH MEDICINE KNOCKOUT SLEEP.

FUCK. YES, ANOTHER ONE.

THOSE GREASY ASSHOLES FROM THAT SHITTY MTV THING.

I THINK... I THINK THE KILLER TRIED TO SHOW ME WHO WAS NEXT, TOO.

HOW CLOSE ARE WE?

I DO NOT KNOW. SO MUCH *HONKING*.

SO MUCH *HONKING* AND NO *MOVING!*

SHIT. I THINK THE KILLER IS NEAR.

OH FUCK. I CAN *FEEL* HIM.

CASSANDRA!

SORRY, VLAD. GOTTA GO NOW!

CALL ME WHEN YOU PARK THE CAR!

HURRM.

*UNH...*WHAT HOTEL?

WHERE--?

FUH... HERE.

The Ritzy Ritz Pl Hotel

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU, DREAM-BOY?!

OH CHRIST. ANOTHER "WORSCHIPPER."

MA'AM, YOU CAN'T JUST GO IN.

WE DON'T ALLOW FANS OR PAPARAZZI--

STAIRS

DON'T INSULT ME.

GHUH!

YOU'RE CLOSE, BUT WHERE?

MA'AM! DO NOT MAKE ME TASER YOU!

I'M HERE!

KRAK

...SUPPORT FLOODING IN FROM FANS OF ART PROJEKT.

OH SHIT.

POOR BASTARDS.

DONALD TRUMP SAYS HE WILL PAY TO HAVE THE POP STAR STUFFED BY A MASTER TAXIDERMIST, TO FOREVER PRESERVE HER IMAGE.

HE SAID IF HE ***ATE*** THEM HE WOULD GET SOME OF THEIR POWER.

SO HE ATE...PARTS OF THEM.

CRAZED FAN ALERT! GET BACK INTO YOUR ROOM, ***MR. SCHIPP!!***

SCHIPP...

SCHIPP!

THERE SHE IS!

CHILL, BABY. KENDALL SCHIPP HAS TIME FOR ALL OF HIS FANS.

SHUT UP.

SOMEONE... *SOMETHING* IS TRYING TO KILL YOU!

PROJEKT WAS FIRST, AND THEN THE DOUCHE GUYS.

CRAZY BITCH!

GUHK!

I'M NOT CRAZY...

CRUNCH

AND I DON'T EVEN FUCKING LIKE YOUR SHIT MUSIC, SCHIPP!

BUT YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO--

--MEEP!

UNGH!

526

OH JEEZ. OH JEEZ.

THANKS, BROTHER. I OWE YOU ONE.

OH GOSH. IF MY DAUGHTER KNEW--

WELL, I'M JUST GLAD NO ONE ELSE GOT...

530

...HURT.

DOWN HERE IN THE CITY WHERE WE WALK.

TAKE A BIT OF RAP, ADD A LITTLE ROCK.

WON'T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU? INNA STREET.

WON'T YOU LET ME HOLD YOU? INNA STREET.

YOU GOT MY HEART, WHICH IS WHERE I GET THE BEAT.

DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM? INNA STREET.

BEEEEEP

NEF.

CAN YOU FEEL MY/OUR EXCITEMENT?

IT FLOWS THROUGH ME/US LIKE A GENTLE WIND, TOUCHING UPON ALL OF MY/OUR MOST SENSITIVE EROGENOUS ZONES

YES! I/WE FEEL IT.

OH, HOW OVERJOYED I/WE WILL BE ONCE I/WE ESCAPE THIS WORLD, WHICH WILL NO LONGER BEAR MY/OUR SEED!

I/WE WILL QUIVER WITH ECSTATIC ORGASM WHEN I/WE LEAVE THIS LAND OF DEATH AND DECAY

HOW WONDERFUL IT WILL BE TO RAPE EVERY LIVING THING ON THE PLANET EARTH!

AND I/WE OWE IT ALL TO THIS LOVELY CHILD!

TO BE CONTINUED!

I CANNOT EXPRESS IN WORDS THE ***SADNESS*** I FEEL AT THE DEATH OF MY GOOD FRIENDS, THE CAST OF ***DOUCHE BEACH.***

=SNIFF= ALSO, ***ART PROJEKT,*** WHOSE SONG I WILL BE COVERING TONIGHT.

PRETTY GOOD, RIGHT?

OH MY GOSH, ***ANNA.*** ARE YOU ***REALLY*** SAD?

YOU IDIOT. IT'S A PREPARED STATEMENT.

HER EYES ARE RUNNING FROM ALL THE DIFFERENT PERFUMES SHE'S CONTRACTED TO WEAR.

CHRIST, IT'S GETTING TO ME, TOO.

YOU WOULDN'T CRY AT YOUR OWN FUNERAL.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, I STILL SAY WE SHOULD LEAVE.

I THINK RANDY QUAID WAS RIGHT: THERE'S A CELEBKILLER OUT THERE!

DON'T WORRY, ***AMELIA.*** IF SOME PSYCHO IS HUNTING CELEBS, YOU'RE SAFE.

NICE ONE, ***AGATHA.***

CELEBKILLER OR NOT, WE HAVE TO GET OUT IN FRONT OF THIS.

THE ONLY THING THAT SELLS BETTER THAN ***SEX*** IS ***DEATH.***

AND LORD KNOWS YOU'VE TRIED THE SEX ANGLE ALREADY.

THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT ME.

THIS IS ABOUT *US*--ALL THREE *POUPERHEUS SISTERS.*

THE WHOLE WORLD IS GOING TO BE WATCHING.

AMELIA, YOU'LL DO A DJ SET BEFORE I SING.

AND AGATHA, YOU JUST BE HOT.

YAY! I'M A DJ!

PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE BRAVE.

THEY'RE GOING TO SAY THAT WE'RE MORE THAN JUST SOCIALITES.

MORE THAN JUST FACES THEY KNOW FROM A REALITY SHOW OR A SEX TAPE.

GRANDPA POUPERHEUS ESCAPED BERLIN AND WENT TO BRAZIL SO THAT ONE DAY HIS GRANDCHILDREN COULD, LIKE, RULE THE WORLD.

HIGH FIVE, SISTERS!

HHHNNN.

EXCUSE ME, MS. POUPERHEUS?

THE EXTRA SECURITY YOU ORDERED IS HERE.

THEY'RE READY TO ESCORT YOU TO YOUR PRESS CONFERENCE.

SECURITY

WOW.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE AMAZING BEFORE...

...BUT AFTER I HEARD YOU WERE STANDING YOUR GROUND FOR NEEDY CELEBS WITH SEX ADDICTIONS IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THESE MURDERS?

IT'LL BE AN HONOR TO GUARD YOU.

HHHNN. NOT NOW.

BUT SOOOOON.

SOOOON.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP BEEP

=UNGH=

VLAD.

YOU ARE ALL RIGHT?

I GOT TASED. AGAIN. I FEEL LIKE DEEP-FRIED DICK.

KENDALL SCHIPP IS NOT DEAD?

HE SHOULD BE FINE.

I WARNED HIM BEFORE THEY ZAPPED ME, BUT I'M UNDER PRETTY HEAVY GUARD HERE.

I CAN'T CHECK ON HIM JUST YET.

WHILE I WAS OUT, I SAW THE KILLER AGAIN.

HE'S AFTER THAT POUPER-CHICK NOW.

HRRM. SHE IS THE OPENING ACT FOR THE CONCERT.

CASSANDRA...

...I THINK I AM BEING *FOLLOWED.*

I WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS AND FIND YOU SOON.

SHIT. SO MUCH FOR ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE AND THEIR SMALL, STUPID PROBLEMS, HUH?

YES. BE CAREFUL, CASSANDRA.

THUT KUCH RA!

GOR.

STRANGE MEN. THE WAY THEY WALK. THEIR VOICES.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THEY WANT.

GURROTH. VLAD.

HEHEH.

BUT IT IS LIKELY NOT NICE, YES?

CHOOM

THE HELL?!

HUNNNH!

WHUMP

CAR P

HUUNGH.

MY MACHETE. IF IT HAD NOT BEEN INSIDE MY COAT, I WOULD BE VERY DEAD.

NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS THEY WANT.

CAR PARK

BUT THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE: ASSASSINS SENT TO KILL ME IN A *CITY*.

I SPENT MY YOUTH IN CHICAGO, RUNNING THROUGH ALLEYS.

UNDERNEATH THE CITY.

ABOVE IT.

NEVER SEEN.

I AM VLAD.

THE MEAT MAN.

YOGRTHA! TOCARA MOK!

PREKT.

THE GHOST OF THE CITY.

ANY CITY.

BYTE-1
DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM?
INNA STREET.
MEH-08
5-14

THIS IS GONNA BE SOME SERIOUS *ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ* SHIT GETTING OUT OF HERE.

MISS?

REAL GLAD TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT.

SORRY ABOUT THE MIX-UP EARLIER.

MR. SCHIPP WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR TRYING TO WARN HIM.

OH, UH, NO PROBLEM.

I'M... WELL, SORRY ABOUT YOUR NUTS.

HEY, I GET PAID TO GET KICKED IN THE CROTCH.

SO I CAN LEAVE?

WELL, SEE, MR. SCHIPP HAS CERTAIN "DAILY REQUIREMENTS," AND SINCE YOU DID HIM A SOLID...

...MR. SCHIPP FIGURED IT'D BE APPROPRIATE TO THANK YOU IN A WAY THAT'D MAKE YOU THE ENVY OF EVERY WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

YO, GIRL.

COME, "WORSCHIPPER." RECEIVE THE GIFT!

OH BOY.

I'LL BE BACK TO ESCORT HER OUT IN ABOUT--WHAT, TEN MINUTES?

S'ALL SHE'LL NEED, BRO.

I'M SO GLAD I GOT SAVED BY A HOT CHICK. I'D HATE TO HAVE TO PERSONALLY REWARD A FATTIE, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

IT'S, UH, NOT NECESSARY. I JUST NEED TO GET MOVING.

YOU GOTTA GET MOVING ALL RIGHT.

MOVIN' *UP* AND *DOWN*.

LOOK, YOU'RE A LITTLE YOUNG FOR ME, KEN.

SHIT, IT AIN'T JUST *GIRLS* WHO WANT ME.

THERE'S FORTY-YEAR-OLD HOUSEWIVES THINKIN' ABOUT ME *RIGHT NOW*.

IT AIN'T ABOUT THE MUSIC.

IT'S ABOUT THE *FAME*...

NO, IT'S ABOUT TIME I LEAUUU--

...AND IT'S ABOUT THE *POWER.*

=WUUUHH=

MEANWHILE...

THE MOOD OF TONIGHT'S CONCERT HAS GONE FROM FULL OF HOPE...

FETCH NEWS

CELEBS 4 CELEBS

BENEFIT CONCERT!

...TO RESPECTFULLY SOMBER.

AN EVENT INTENDED TO RAISE AWARENESS OF CELEBRITY SEX ADDICTION WILL NOW BE A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN HEROES OF *DOUCHE BEACH*, AS WELL AS POP STAR SUPREME, ART PROJEKT.

FANS FROM AROUND THE WORLD HAVE GATHERED TO SHARE THEIR PAIN AT THE LOSS OF SUCH SHINING, ORIGINAL STARS.

REALLY MAKES YOU THINK, DOESN'T IT?

I WANNA HAVE YER BABY KENDALL

THAT IT DOES.

NOW, LET'S FIND SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE AND MAKE FUN OF WHAT THEY'RE WEARING!

YOU TALK A MEAN GAME, CASSIE.

YOU SAY YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT CELEBRITY AND FAME.

YOU SAY YOU AIN'T INTERESTED IN WHO'S DATING WHO OR WHO'S WEARING WHAT.

BUT YOUR LIFE IS DULL.

IT'S GLAMORLESS, AND SOULLESS, SAME AS IT IS FOR EVERY OTHER AMERICAN WHO AIN'T RICH, BEAUTIFUL, AND FAMOUS.

YOU WANT TO TAKE OUR PICTURE.

YOU WANT TO FUCK US.

YOU WANT TO EAT OUR FLESH AND HOPE IT GIVES YOU OUR POWER.

YOU WANT TO TAKE OUR PLACE.

NNUUGGH.

I KNOW...

...BECAUSE I'VE BEEN *INSIDE* YOU, CASSIE HACK.

THE THING IS, TO ME, *YOU'RE* THE CELEBRITY.

WHEN I FIRST CRAWLED OUT OF THAT BLOODY WOMB, IT WAS YOUR NAME THAT I HEARD FIRST.

I WAS BORN *JUST FOR YOU.*

THE NEFLORDS COMBINED THE DREAMWALKER POWERS OF THE BOY *ASHLEY GUTHRIE* AND THE PSYCHIC ABILITIES OF THE WOMAN *MARTHA JOWORSKI* TO MAKE ME.

THEY CALL ME *THE STILLBORN.*

WHEN I FIRST LEARNED TO WALK THROUGH MINDS, IT WAS ONLY YOURS THAT I COULD ENTER BECAUSE YOU HAD SHARED DREAMS WITH ASHLEY...

...AND YOU HAD LET MARTHA INTO YOUR THOUGHTS. YOUR DOORS WERE AVAILABLE TO ME.

SO I WATCHED THROUGH YOUR EYES.

YOU WERE PERFORMING IN A REALITY SHOW FOR AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN.

THE NEFLORDS HATE YOU. YOU ALMOST DESTROYED THEM.

THEY WANTED ME TO SHOW YOU WHO I KILLED SO THAT YOU'D COME.

THEY WANT YOU TO STAR IN THEIR REVENGE STORY.

THE NEFLORDS SURVIVE BY FEEDING OFF PSYCHIC ENERGY.

THEY EAT THE ATTENTION OF THEIR WORSHIPPERS.

BUT NEF IS HARSH AND THE NEFLORDS DON'T REPRODUCE VERY WELL. THEY CAN'T KEEP THEIR POPULATION UP.

AND WHEN A LOVELY GIRL FROM EARTH KEEPS KILLING THEIR VIRGIN-FETCHING AVATARS--WELL, IT GETS EVEN MORE DIFFICULT.

THE NEFLORDS REALIZE NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT IT ALL WRONG.

THEY KEPT TRYING TO BRING THE FAITHFUL TO NEF...

...WHEN THERE WAS A WHOLE WORLD FULL OF PEOPLE JUST LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO WORSHIP.

A BEAUTIFUL LAND WHERE FAME AND ADORATION COULD BE HAD FOR THE PRICE OF A CATCHY POP SONG OR A GRAINY SEX VIDEO.

THE NEFLORDS REALIZED THEY WERE WASTING THEIR ENERGY BRINGING EARTH TO THEM.

THEY KNOW NOW THAT IT'S TIME TO BRING THE NEFLORDS TO EARTH.

HELL'S KITCHEN PARKING AND STORAGE.

RA FOK!!

YOU GOT MY HEART, WHICH IS WHERE I GET THE BEAT.

KOOM

THOT KURR GOK!

HUNGH.

GRRRRAAAGG!!

GRRAGH.

HHHN.

BRZAKK

SWOK

URRK. YOU. VLAD.

NEF. HATE. YOU.

KILL YOU. KILL CASSIE HACK. KILL--

--EARTH?

HURM. NEW YORK HAS BAD TRAFFIC, YES?

CRSH

HE SAID "NEF." NEF, WHERE SIX SIXX GAINED HIS POWER.

IT IS HOME TO THE NEFLORDS.

GIANT SPACE GODS THAT GIVE POWER TO MUSICIANS.

BRZAKK

HRRRM. IT SEEMS I MUST GO TO A CONCERT.

NEF.

WHERE DO I/YOU FEEL IT? OUR/MY ASSASSINS—!

FAILED. THE LIFEBLOOD I/WE GAVE THEM SEEPS INTO THE DUST.

SUCH WASTED EFFORT!

THE CASSANDRA HACK-FRIEND CALLED VLAD ELUDES OUR/MY REVENGE!

I/WE STILL HAVE A FEW NEFSPAWN LEFT.

LET US/ME SEND THEM AND CUT THE HACK-FRIEND INTO PIECES SO SMALL HE WOULD PASS THROUGH OUR/MY DIGESTIVE ORIFICES WITH EASE!

WITH EASE!!

NO. I/WE MUST SAVE OUR LIFEBLOOD

IT WILL TAKE ALL THE WORSHIP OUR/MY WONDERFUL STILLBORN CAN PRODUCE FROM THE CARTHERE TO PULL US/ME FROM THIS DEAD PLACE

JUST ONE LITTLE ASSASSIN?

NO

COLLEGE AVENUE BED AND BREAKFAST.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

Whiiine.

Eeennnf!

Eeeeennnf!!

MR. POOCHIE-POOCHIE! ARE YOU OKAY?

OHMYGOSH.

RUNNING SIDEWAYS IS *SOOO CUTE!*

Mystery Mile 5K: Detective RUN

:ennf:

Poor, frightful Pooch has had the most horrible of dreams.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

SOMETIMES DREAMS REVEAL NEW MYSTERIES.

THOUGH SOMETIMES THEY JUST REVEAL THAT YOU HAD TOO MUCH SRIRACHA SAUCE BEFORE BED.

Jittery Pooch dreamed the terrible creatures who created his world were coming to Earth.

They were pushing and tearing at the wall between the worlds.

Their tentacles were tearing down space as they spread their seed.

And the noise it made...so horrible.

I'D SAY YOUR DREAM IS TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT YOU NEED TO GET SOME SEX, WHAT WITH ALL THE TENTACLES, THE SEED, AND THE PUSHING.

OF COURSE, I COULD JUST BE READING ALL THAT INTO THE DREAM, WHICH MEANS I'M TALKING ABOUT MYSELF...

:Sigh:

THERE. THAT SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN KENDALL'S REPUTATION.

I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AFTER THE BIG SHOW.

THE NEFLORDS HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL PLANNED FOR YOU.

MMPPH.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY?

I'LL ALLOW IT, BUT IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT SCREAMING--REMEMBER, EVERYONE WILL JUST THINK YOU'RE "SAILING ON THE SCHIPP," AS THEY SAY.

I.

DON'T.

SCREAM.

THEN SPEAK.

WHY ART PROJEKT?

THE *DOUCHE* GOOFS?

ANNA POUPERHEUS?

THAT'S PRETTY SIMPLE.

WHEN THE NEFLORDS ARRIVE, THEY PLAN ON TAKING OVER THIS WORLD...

"...BUT, FIRST, THEY'LL TAKE AMERICA.

LET HER SLEEP. SHE ALREADY SAW THE SHOW, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

"AMERICA IS RULED BY ONE GOD NOW.

"ONE GOD MADE UP OF THREE:

"THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"THIS IS WHAT AMERICA KNOWS. THIS AND CELEBRITY.

"THE SACRED AND THE PROFANE.

"THE NEFLORDS WILL COMBINE THE TWO TO CREATE A NEW RELIGION. FAMILIAR, BUT NOVEL...

AMELIA! YOU'RE DJING TONIGHT?

AWESOME!

"...ONE WORLDLY GOD. MADE OUT OF THREE.

"THE TWO NEFLORDS AND ME.

I DON'T CARE WHAT MY FANS SAY. IT'S AN HONOR TO OPEN FOR YOU.

"WHY'D THOSE OTHERS HAVE TO GO?

KNOCK 'EM DEAD, KENDALL.

ALWAYS DO.

"WE CAN PRETEND TO PLAY NICE, BUT THERE'S NO ROOM FOR ANY RIVAL GODS...OR *GODDESSES*.

"EVERYONE KNOWS THAT ALL THE A-LIST DEITIES ARE JEALOUS FUCKERS. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS."

O COME, ALL Y'ALL FAITHFUL.

IT IS TIME TO...

WORSCHIPP!

TO BE CONTINUED!

NNNNGGHGF.

DAMN IT.

ALL THIS STRAINING ISN'T HELPING ME MOVE. ALL IT'S REALLY DONE IS MAKE ME ALMOST SHIT MY PANTS.

IT'D PROBABLY BE BAD FORM TO FINALLY BREAK THIS INDUCED PARALYSIS AND HEAD OFF TO STOP THE GIANT SPACE GODS FROM TAKING OVER THE EARTH WITH A FRESH LOAD OF DOOK IN MY PANTIES.

SOME BAD ASS I TURNED OUT TO BE. "I'M NOT INTERESTED IN FAME AND CELEBRITY!" YET, HERE I AM, "STAR-STRUCK" BY A MONSTER POSING AS THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED TEEN POP SENSATION.

THE THING IS, I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WORSE: THE FACT THAT I'M ABOUT TO FAIL AT STOPPING THE WORLD FROM BECOMING THE PERSONAL BITCH OF SOME VERY RAPEY GIANT JELLYFISH...

YEAH!

THANK YOU, MANHATTAN!

...OR THAT I FIND MYSELF HUMMING ALONG IN MY HEAD TO KENDALL'S UNGODLY HORRIBLE COVER OF "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN."

I JUST WANT TO GET SERIOUS FOR A SECOND.

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE TO SEE SOME MUSIC, TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

BUT, I JUST WANT YOU ALL TO KNOW THAT THE SONG I JUST PLAYED--WELL, IT MEANS A LOT TO ME.

IN SOME WAYS, THAT STAIRWAY IS A BAD THING, CUZ IT'S BEEN OPENED UP AND SOME OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS HAD TO WALK ON UP IT...

ART PROJEKT.

BOBBY AND DICKIE.

THEY WALKED THAT STAIRWAY UP OUT OF HERE.

BUT, IN OTHER WAYS, THE STAIRWAY IS A GOOD THING, CUZ IT LETS US BRING A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN TO US.

I WANT TO CHANNEL THAT LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN TO YOU. BUT FIRST, I NEED ALL YOUR LOVE.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME. COUNTDOWN FROM THREE:

THREE...

TWO...

WE LOVE YOU, KENDALL!

YES!

I CAN *FEEL* IT!

CAN *YOU* FEEL IT?!

CAN YOU FEEL IT?!

WE CAN!

WE CAN FEEL IT!!

CAN YOU FEEL IT?!

YES!!

I/WE CAN FEEL IT!

I LOVE YOU, TOO!

PRETTY SOON, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH!

HUNGH. A SHIVER. ELECTRIC AND ALIEN.

THAT IS A FEELING I HAVE FELT BEFORE, WHEN I PASSED THROUGH A DOOR IN SPACE TO THE WORLD OF NEF.

THE NEFLORDS MUST HAVE A DOORWAY TO THEIR WORLD BACKSTAGE, PERHAPS SO THEY CAN KIDNAP VIRGINS FOR SACRIFICE. HRRM.

THEY WOULD ONLY PERMIT VIRGINS TO PASS.

BUT I, VLAD, CAN NO LONGER PASS AS A VIRGIN.

I HAVE HAD THE SEX.

AHRRRM.

I NEED A DISTRACTION.

AS YOU CAN SEE BEHIND US, KENDALL SCHIPP IS FINISHING UP HIS SET FOR THE INAUGURAL FETCH NEWS CELEBS-4-CELEBS CONCERT IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

AND WHAT A SET IT IS! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE CROWD OF HAPPY "WORSCHIPPERS"!

KENDALL'S FANS ARE TYPICALLY VERY FASHION CONSCIOUS.

SOME GREAT OUTFITS BEING WORN BY THOSE FANS TODAY.

WOAH! WHO LET THAT GUY IN?

HEY, BUDDY. FRANKENSTEIN CALLED. HE WANTS HIS LOOK BACK.

RIGHT?

HA HA! RIGHT. "DURR! I THE MONSTER!"

OH NO. THAT WAS VLAD.

WHEN WE CUT AWAY ALL THE EXTRA BAGGAGE, TURNED FROM ALL OUR FRIENDS, WE DID IT SO WE'D STOP ENDANGERING THEIR LIVES.

BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP ME FROM SENDING YOU TO YOUR DOOM, ALONG WITH A BUNCH OF KIDS WHO WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BE EMBARRASSED THAT THEY LIKED SUCH LAME-ASS MUSIC.

NO. GOT TO GET ON TOP OF THIS.

I'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT FREEING MYSELF THE WRONG WAY--TRYING TO MOVE MUSCLES THAT ARE FROZEN BECAUSE OF MY MIND...

KENDALL--**STILLBORN**--SAID HE COULD WALK INTO MY MIND BECAUSE MY DOORS WERE ALREADY OPEN TO HIM.

BUT DOORS OPEN BOTH WAYS.

HE WAS ABLE TO DROP ME LIKE A HOT TURD BECAUSE, SOMEWHERE, DEEP INSIDE, HE WAS ABLE TO FIND THE PART OF ME THAT WORSHIPS FAME.

THE PART OF ME THAT WOULD SWEAT IF I MET ANGELINA JOLIE.

THE PART OF ME THAT HAS TO KNOW WHAT DRESS MILEY CYRUS WORE TO THE MTV MUSIC AWARDS.

STILLBORN SAID THAT I WAS A CELEBRITY TO HIM. THE STAR OF A REALITY SHOW.

IF I CAN WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR OF **HIS** MIND, SAUNTER DOWN THE RED CARPET OF **HIS** BRAIN, POSE FOR THE FLASHES OF **HIS** SYNAPSES...

...IT'LL BE WORLDWIDE POP SENSATION KENDALL SCHIPP WHO GETS **STARSTRUCK.**

WON'T YOU LET ME LOVE YOU? INNA STREET...

WON'T YOU LET ME HOLD-- OOOK!

WHUMP

KENNNDALLL!!!

HRRMM. AS DISTRACTIONS GO...

...I COULD NOT ASK FOR MUCH BETTER, YES?

NOT WATCHING KENDALL'S SHOW?

HE PAYS ME TO GUARD HIM, NOT TO LISTEN TO HIS MUSIC.

MORE OF A MILES DAVIS MAN MYSELF.

AH. WELL, JUST WANTED TO WARN YOU THAT YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR A NEW JOB.

WHY'S THAT?

I'M GONNA KILL YOUR BOSS.

SON OF A--

MEANWHILE.

GET DJ AMELIA ON STAGE.

RIGHT GODDAMN NOW!

GET SCHIPP TO THE GREEN ROOM!

YOU'RE ON, MS. POUPERHEUS! YOU GOTTA REASSURE EVERYONE!

THIS IS YOUR MOMENT.

IS IT THE CELEBKILLER?

I MEAN, JEEZ, I DIDN'T EVEN FINISH DRESSING!

GO, GIRL! THERE ARE CELEBS WITH SEX ADDICTIONS RELYING ON YOU!

EEP!

NO PORTAL TO NEF. BUT I FEEL...SOMETHING.

THE CURRENT FLOWS HERE. ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE.

HERE. A SHIMMER. THE FAINT SMELL OF THE AIR IN NEF.

LIKE MOSS AND MEAT.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. THE WHOLE THING. IT IS A PORTAL TO NEF.

IS KENDALL OKAY?

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT HIM?

YOU SAW HOW PISSED HIS LITTLE FANS WERE THAT YOU'RE HEADLINING.

THIS WAS ORCHESTRATED. HE DID THIS TO STEAL YOUR HEADLINES.

ANOTHER CONSPIRACY?

YOU'RE AS BAD AS AMELIA WITH HER--

CELEBKILLER.

DEUS SAGRADO.

ANNA!

HERE I AM, TRYING TO FEAST ON THE POWER OF A BODYGUARD WITH ONLY FIFTY-TWO FRIENDS ON FACEBOOK...

...WHEN I COULD BE EATING THE *HEADLINING ACT.*

HRM.

AAIIIEEEEE!!

HUNGH!

I SAID *MOVE!*

NO WONDER YOU ASSHOLES CAN LISTEN TO THIS SHIT!

YOU'RE ALL FUCKING DEAF!

SHUNK

HELPME HELPME HELP-- HEY, YOU!

HELP!

HE KILLED AGATHA! HE KILLED HER.

ACTUALLY, I MISSED YOU AND HIT HER.

DOWNSIDE OF NOT HAVING EYES.

BUT, WOW-- EVEN THE EYELESS GUY RECOGNIZES VLAD OVER THERE!

KIND OF GLAD MY ASSASSINS DIDN'T GET TO YOU, BIG MAN.

JUST A SECOND.

STOP!!

SLSHH

AIIIGH!!

CAN'T HAVE HER RUNNING OFF.

NOW, AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE...

...IT'D BE A SHAME NOT TO FIGHT YOU.

I'M A *HUGE* FAN.

SAY ONE OF YOUR TRADEMARK ONE-LINERS!

"I LOOK LIKE *DUMB APE* BUT ARE SURPRISINGLY CLEVER, YES? HURR HURR."

HRRM. APES ARE NOT DUMB. YOU NEED TO BE SCHOOLED, YES?

HA!

KTANG

PERFECT. SO AWESOME.

ANYWAY...

...ANNA'S FANS ARE WAITING.

POP

FKOOM

COME ON, ANNA.

I DON'T WANT YOU TO MISS YOUR *FINAL PERFORMANCE.*

BRING US THE *REAL* POUPERHEUS!

WE WANT ANNA!

KENDALL SCHIPP ENCORE!

CHRIST, PEOPLE.

IF I WASN'T SO CERTAIN SHE'S ACTUALLY A SOULLESS CLONE, I'D FEEL BAD FOR HER.

THERE YOU ARE!

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD JUST TAKE MY PIECE AND RUN?

I'M GONNA GET A NICE FAT RAISE FOR CATCHING THE CELEBRITY KILLER.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.

SORRY IF THIS IS A REPEAT.

FWOP

C'MON. LIKE I DIDN'T SEE *THAT* COMING.

I STUFFED--

DID SOMEONE SAY *ENCORE?!*

HELLO, MANHATTAN!

WOOOOO!

WE LOVE YOU, KENDALL!

SOME OF YOU FANS ARE UPSET THAT I GOT SHUFFLED SO ANNA POUPERHEUS HERE COULD BE THE HEADLINER.

WELL, NOW SHE'S GONNA MAKE IT UP TO ME--WITH A DUET.

NOOOO, PLEASE.

CHUCH

AHHH!!

LET ME GO! I HAVE TO STOP HIM.

FUCK THAT--

NUH.

HELLO?

SHIT!

STAR-STRUCK.

EVERY ONE OF THEM.

MY/OUR TIME HAS COME. GOODBYE DEAD OLD WORLD!

I/WE ARE SO EXCITED I/WE HAVE PREJACULATED UPON MYSELF/OURSELVES!

ALL YOUR GODS ARE DEAD.

GIVE ME YOUR LOVE AND YOUR FEAR.

ANNA!

WORSCHIPP ME!

FIN

WHERE I COME!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE I COME FROM?
I'M FROM NEF, MOTHERFUCKERS.
AGK!
CRRNCH
YOU WERE BORN ON NEF...
...BUT YOU'LL FUCKING DIE HERE.
GOT OVER YOUR FAME INFATUATION, HUH?
DOESN'T MATTER.
I'M NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT, YOU KNOW.

WE HAD PLANS FOR YOU! YOU WERE GOING TO BE MY FIRST, CASSIE.

:WOOF:

RRAGH!

CASSANDRA! YOU MUST MOVE AND STOP THEM!

WURR? STOP WHO NOW?

"OH, YEAH.

"THEM."

I'VE WILL FILL THAT ONE WITH SEED FIRST!!

THAT ONE IS MALE.

BUT SO PRETTY!

OH GOSH. THIS SUCKS.

IT JUST SUCKS!

POUPERHEUS!

AMELIA!

I NEED YOUR HELP!

WHAT? WHY?

WHAT CAN I DO?

LOOK, THE BIG JELLYFISH ARE USING THE WORSHIP OF KENDALL'S FANS TO COME TO THIS WORLD.

=SNIFF=

HE KILLED MY SISTER.

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BREAK HIS POWER OVER THESE STARSTRUCK PEOPLE IS TO GET THEIR ATTENTION ON SOMETHING ELSE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HONEY, THIS IS AMERICA.

NOTHING GETS MORE ATTENTION HERE...

...THAN A ***WARDROBE MALFUNCTION.***

WHU--?

THAT'S SCANDALOUS!

THERE ARE CHILDREN HERE!

ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HER TOPLESS.

NICER RACK THAN HER SISTER.

I/WE ARE NOT CORPOREAL YET. WHY? I/WE WANT TO BE CORPOREAL!

I/WE ARE LOSING THEM!

BUT I/WE CREATED SCHIPP TO BE PERFECT! THEY LOVE HIM!

EVEN I/WE CHERISH HIS AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO!

PERHAPS I/WE MADE HIM TOO PERFECT.

I/WE HAVE NOT MADE HIM SCANDALOUS.

SIGH HE IS A ONE-HIT WONDER.

NO. DON'T LEAVE ME.

I JUST WANTED TO MAKE YOU PROUD.

HRRM. YOUNG CELEBRITIES...

...SO FULL OF ISSUES.

KRAK

OH, ANNA.

YOU WERE ALWAYS SO NICE TO ME, EVEN WHEN EVERYONE ELSE MADE FUN OF ME.

BUT YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FROM ME... FROM THE WHOLE WORLD!

IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF KENDALL SCHIPP.

IF ALL OF YOU REALLY LOVED ANNA LIKE I DID, IF YOU LOVE THE POUPERHEUS SISTERS, THEN YOU FEEL THE LOSS AS STRONGLY AS I DO.

UH, VLAD. I THINK WE SHOULD GO.

IF YOU LOVE US, I WANT YOU TO TAKE OUT YOUR GRIEF...

...ON HER KILLER!

DEATH TO SCHIPP!

TEAR HIM APART!

KENDALL *SHIT!*

LEAVING OUT THE BACK DOOR OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

VERY *ROCK 'N' ROLL* OF US.

HURRM. USING BOOBS TO SAVE THE DAY...AGAIN, YES?

HEY, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO FORGET ABOUT THE LAST TIME.*

HURR HURR.

COULD NOT FORGET THE POWER OF THOSE BOOBS.

* SEE "CROSSROADS" IN *HACK/SLASH* VOL. 9, *TORTURE PRONE*.

YEAH, WELL, REMEMBER WHAT OL' KENDALL SCHIPP SAID:

"IT'S NOT ABOUT THE MUSIC. IT'S ABOUT THE POWER."

I'M STANDING IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, WHERE, AFTER SOME VERY STRANGE OCCURRENCES, IT APPEARS THE AUDIENCE HAS *TURNED* ON KENDALL SCHIPP.

LITERALLY!

THEY'RE TEARING HIM APART!

LITERALLY!

AS A PERSONAL WITNESS TO TONIGHT'S EVENTS--WELL, HONESTLY, I CAN'T BE SURE WHAT OCCURRED HERE.

IT'S ALL A HAZE.

WAS THERE--? I THINK...I THINK A GIANT SQUID WANTED TO *FUCK ME.*

WHOA. LIVE BROADCAST.

DESPITE THE CONFUSION ABOUT WHAT OCCURRED HERE, I KNOW I SPEAK FOR MYSELF AND MANY OF THE WITNESSES WHEN I SAY I AM LEFT WITH ONE OVERRIDING IMPRESSION...

...A SINGULAR PERFORMANCE REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED ME--TOUCHED EVERYONE HERE TONIGHT...

...IT TOUCHED ME DEEPLY AND PROFOUNDLY. THOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT I SAW, I KNOW IT BRILLIANTLY EXPRESSED THE COMPLEXITY OF LIFE AND SEXUALITY AND DEATH, ALL IN THE SAME PERFORMANCE...

...ALL I CAN SAY FOR CERTAIN IS THAT THE FUTURE OF MUSIC--THE FUTURE OF FAME--BELONGS TO AMELIA POUPERHEUS.

THE END.

#11A by **TIM SEELEY**

INTERDIMENSIONAL WOMEN'S PRISON BREAKOUT

HACK/SLASH VOLUME 2 #6-11

PLIP
PLIP
PLIP
PLIP PLIP
PLIP
PLIP
PLIP
SLLLICH
PLIP
PLIP
PLIP
SLLLICH
PLIP
PLIP
PLIP

PARALLEL DIMENSION 555, A.K.A. PURGATORY.

RONK RONK RONK RONK RONK

THE WHITE WARD PENITENTIARY.

IF I STILL *HAD* BALLS, THEY'D BE IN MY THROAT, SIR.

JUST REMEMBER, YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS BEINGS IN THE KNOWN PLANES...

RONK RONK RONK RONK RONK

"...WOMEN."

MAXIMUM SECURITY FEMALE INCARCERATION.

THOSE STUPID, HORNY NEF BASTARDS.

THEIR PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO JUMP DIMENSIONS RUPTURED ***THE MEMBRANE.***

THE RESULTING ***'BRANE WAVE***, BESIDES CAUSING OUR PRESENT RIOT, ALLOWED SOME OVERFLOW INTO A PRIME EARTHSPACE.

I'LL NEED YOU TO GO THROUGH THE BREACH AND RE-ATTAIN THEM.

YOU WILL BLEND IN AT ALL COSTS, AS PER USUAL.

YOUR TIME WILL BE LIMITED. WE WILL BE WORKING TO REPAIR THE MEMBRANE IN YOUR ABSENCE, AND WE WILL BE MOVING QUICKLY.

SHOULD YOU BE UNABLE TO RETURN BEFORE THE MEMBRANE CLOSES, ASSASSINATE THE ESCAPEES AND THEN INITIATE SUICIDE.

REMEMBER, THEY ARE THREE OF OUR MOST DANGEROUS, MOST CUNNING INMATES.

TRY TO KEEP CIVILIAN CASUALTIES TO A MINIMUM.

WALTON FREE CLINIC.
BRONX, NEW YORK.
LA CUCARACHA!
LA CUCARACHA!!
HAY UNA CUCARACHA EN MI OÍDO!
MS. PALMER?
MS. BETSY PALMER?
OH, UH...RIGHT. THAT'S ME.
THERE WAS A WOMAN.
SHE SAID SHE HAD A COCKROACH IN HER EAR.
HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.
RIGHT THIS WAY, MS. PALMER.
OH, VLAD.

THANKS FOR SEEING HIM.

I KNOW THESE ARE KIND OF WEIRD CIRCUMSTANCES.

WHEN ONE OF GOD'S CHILDREN NEEDS HELP, I DO NOT ASK WHY.

IS HE OKAY?

THAT IS A VERY GOOD QUESTION.

AND THE VERY SHORT ANSWER IS: I DO NOT KNOW.

IT APPEARS AS IF HIS BONES ARE FUSING, WITH CARTILAGE AND MARROW BECOMING BONE AS WELL.

HIS CONDITION APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN JUMPSTARTED BY A RECENT TRAUMA, BUT IT IS SYMPTOMATIC OF A GENETIC CONDITION.

THAT CONDITION IS THE LIKELY CAUSE OF HIS APPEARANCE-- THE SHAPE OF THE SKULL, THE PALLOR OF THE SKIN.

I HAVE HEARD OF SIMILAR CONDITIONS: ANKYLOSING SPONDYLITIS, FIBRODYSPLASIA OSSIFICANS PROGRESSIVA.

BUT THIS SEEMS TO BE PROGRESSING MUCH MORE AGGRESSIVELY AND IN A FASHION THAT SUGGESTS IT IS SOMETHING EVEN MORE RARE.

IT IS CERTAINLY OUT OF THE REALM OF ANYTHING I COULD TREAT IN THIS FACILITY.

I CAN MAKE A RECOMMENDATION FOR A SPECIALIST.

I HAVE A FRIEND IN ENGLAND--

NO.

I DO NOT NEED HELP.

VLAD, NO. YOU'RE REALLY SICK.

AND WHAT WOULD I DO? WE HAVE NO MONEY. I WOULD BE TEST ANIMAL. LAB RAT. HURR.

NO, MY SON. YOU CAN BE HELPED. YOU JUST NEED THE RIGHT DOCTOR.

I.

NEED.

NO ONE.

GO WITH GOD, CHILDREN.

Yes!
Catch them all!
COLLEGE AVENUE BED AND BREAKFAST.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.
BEEEP BEEP
BEEEP BEEP
BEEEP
Erf?
Mistress Cat!
Something whines and screams, so shrill and horrible!
It hurts small and humble Pooch's sensitive ears so!
YEAH, YEAH. I'M UP.
What is the terrible screaminess?!
And what is the thing atop mistress's head?!
IT'S BED HEAD.
Mistress Lisa never got "bed head."
=SIGH=
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE-- OH.
What?! Curious Pooch must know!
I FOUND HIM.
SAMHAIN.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL.

HRR. JUST ONE OR TWO NIGHTS. I WILL BE FINE AGAIN.

WELL, WE ONLY HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR *ONE* NIGHT.

YOU THINK I AM A BURDEN, YES?

WE CAN GO NOW. I CAN SLEEP IN HEARSE.

WE CAN GET A NEW JOB FOR MONEY.

I CAN LIFT.

NO, NO. SHUT UP AND LAY DOWN.

HERE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON T.V.

ZOO MURDERS

...STRANGE MURDERS OF A NUMBER OF ANIMALS AT THE BRONX ZOO.

ALL THE ANIMAL VICTIMS APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD.

GODDAMNIT.

I'M CHANGING IT.

CLICK

NO. I WISH TO HEAR.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

FINE, BUT WE AREN'T INVESTIGATING SHIT TODAY.

YOU'RE ON SICK LEAVE.

JUST A SECOND.

OKAY, WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?!

THIS IS HACK/SLASH, INC., TWO-POINT-OH!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, CASSIE HACK.

CAT CURIO, INTREPID DETECTIVE, AT YOUR SERVICE.

Mistress Cassie will not like this at all. Oh no.

RIGHT. CHRIS TOLD ME ABOUT YOU.

I *CLOSED* HACK/SLASH, INC. DON'T FUCKING CALL ME AGAIN.

WAIT!! IF CHRIS TOLD YOU ABOUT ME, HE MUST HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT SAMHAIN!

ONCE, WHILE SAMHAIN WAS CARRYING ME, I DROPPED ONE OF MY TRACERS IN HIS POCKET.

I DIDN'T THINK IT WORKED, BUT IT JUST DID 'CAUSE I FOUND HIM!

I THINK HE'S FOLLOWING YOU! HE'S THERE...

...HE'S IN NEW YORK!

WHO WAS IT?

FUCKING TELEMARKETER.

chak

LET'S FIND YOU SOMETHING TO WATCH.

CELEBRITY NEWS IS RUINED FOR YOU.

MAYBE WE CAN FIND A COOKING SHOW THAT--

...WITH AN EXPLOSIVE-THROWING WOMAN WHO CALLS HERSELF...

AW NO.

NO NO NO.

"...BOMB QUEEN."

RETURN TO YOUR INCARCERATION IMMEDIATELY!

FUCK THAT!

FIRST I MAKE NEW YORK MY ***NEW PORT!***

LATER.

NO, VLAD. STAY IN BED.

I'M JUST GOING TO CHECK IT OUT.

NOW QUIT CALLING AND GET SOME REST.

CASSIE'S ORDERS.

YOU.

GIRL.

HACK.

WHO'S THERE? DON'T MAKE ME GO CLUBBING ON YOU.

COME.

STOP THE BOMB QUEEN.

THE WHITE WARD HAS NEED OF YOU.

HOLY SHIT.

COME IN. CLOSE THE DOOR.

I WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU.

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS? HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW ME?

YOU ARE IN MY FILES. I WAS ABLE TO RECOGNIZE YOU.

I APOLOGIZE FOR TAKING YOUR FORM. IN DYING, THE BODIES OF MY KIND OFTEN APPROPRIATE THE CLOSEST FORM.

YOUR *KIND?* WAIT-- IN YOUR FILES?

YES. I AM GIVEN VISUAL REFERENCE TO MANY OF THE BEINGS MY BOUNTIES HAVE ENCOUNTERED, SHOULD I NEED TO USE THOSE FORMS --*BLURRGK*--IN THEIR APPREHENSION.

THIS IS ABOUT *BOMB QUEEN.*

YES. I--*HEHN*--AM A RETENTION SPECIALIST FOR THE WHITE WARD WOMEN'S PRISON.

AFTER THE RECENT BREACH OF YOUR WORLD FROM THE WORLD OF NEF, THREE INMATES ESCAPED.

BOMB QUEEN WAS ONE OF THEM.

THE QUEEN AMBUSHED MY PARTNER AND ME WHILE WE OBSERVED HER.

CLEARLY, HER REPUTATION FOR CLEVERNESS IS NOT UNFOUNDED.

MY PARTNER WAS KILLED.

I WILL DIE WITHIN THE MINUTE.

PLEASE, TRACK THEM DOWN.

KILL THEM, BEFORE THEY DO TO YOUR WORLD WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO THEIR OWN.

NO, I CAN'T--

YOU MUST. YOU AND YOUR PARTNER SURVIVED YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE QUEEN.

YOU CAN DO SO AGAIN.

NO, TAKE THIS BACK!

I CAN'T!

YOU AND... NUUUH...YOUR... PARTNURRRR...

...NURRRR...

CRAP.

GOD DAMN YOU.

DON'T YOU GET IT?

IT'S JUST ME.

SCREEEE!

MICHIGAN.

SCREEEEEE!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

IF YOU'VE CALLED TO SWEAR AT ME AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'VE LOOKED UP SEVERAL COMEBACKS, SOME OF WHICH CONTAIN FOUR-LETTER WORDS THAT--

CAT. SHUT UP.

WHEN I GET TIME, WE'LL TALK ABOUT HOW PISSED OFF I AM AT YOU.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND SAMHAIN.

LATER.

QUEENS.

PLIP PLIP PLIP PLIP PLIP

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS IN THE BLOOD. I BELIEVED THAT THERE WAS SOME INSIDIOUS INFECTION SWIMMING WITHIN ME, AND IF I JUST LET IT DRAIN OCCASIONALLY IT WOULD KEEP THE DARKNESS AT BAY.

THAT SEEMED TO WORK.

IT WASN'T UNTIL LATER I REALIZED IT WASN'T THE BLEEDING THAT HELPED, IT WAS THE CUTTING.

THE PAIN.

THE SHARP PAIN OF THE CUT.

THE STRANGE SENSATION AS THE WOUND KNITS BACK TOGETHER.

IF I FEEL *THAT* I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING ELSE.

NO HATE. NO ANGER.

JUST PAIN.

I IMAGINE YOU UNDERSTAND WELL, CASSANDRA HACK.

THE CLOISTERS MUSEUM AND PARK.

NEW YORK CITY.

MMM.

DER WOLF.

AHHWOOOOOOOOO!

I'VE HEARD SOME THINGS, SAM.

I'VE HEARD THAT YOU RAN AWAY IN THE NIGHT, AFTER THE SHERIFF DIED.

HEARD THAT AVA IS SO AFRAID OF YOU SHE WON'T EVEN SAY YOUR NAME.

AVA.

THE LOOK IN HER EYES, THAT NIGHT.

IT WAS SO... ALIEN.

LIKE SHE WAS SEEING ME, WHAT I REALLY AM, FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THIS IS A WOMAN I'D MADE LOVE TO.

A WOMAN WHO THOUGHT SHE KNEW ME.

THOUGHT SHE LOVED ME.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ALL SHE KNEW WAS FEAR AND BETRAYAL.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ALL SHE BELIEVED CRUMBLED AWAY.

THE DEVASTATION WAS RIGHT THERE, ON HER FACE.

YES, I RAN.

NOT BECAUSE SEEING HER PAIN HURT ME.

I RAN, AND I DID NOT STOP.

I DID NOT LOOK BACK...

...BECAUSE I *LIKED* IT.

nNRRRRGGGH.

MMM.

DER PANTHER.

JA.

I PANICKED.

I TRACKED YOU, FOLLOWED YOU.

ONCE, YOU HELPED ME REGAIN MYSELF, CASSIE.

I'M GLAD YOU FOLLOWED ME.

I NEED YOU, SAM.

SO, PLEASE, GET DRESSED.

NO NO NO. PLEASE!

PWAK

ICH HABE SO LANGE GEWARTET FÜR FLEISCH.

MRRROOOOOWRR!

SHUNK

DR. URSULA WEIR.

WELCOME TO *OUR* EARTH...

...YOU DROPPED BY JUST IN TIME TO PICK UP YOUR FUCKING DEATH SENTENCE.

HA, HA.

IS NOT THE END OF DR. WEIR.

MMMM.

DER KILLERWAL.

TO BE CONTINUED!

OCCULARIUM, LIGHTS ON.

ACK--ZZZT-- KNOWLEDGED.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE A RAPE DUNGEON THAN HOME.

OCCULARIUM, SCAN ALL AVAILABLE BANDWIDTHS.

I'M IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO SOME *BABY FUCK FACTORY* WHILE I WORK.

APOLOGIES. THAT BAND DOES NOT EXIST ON THIS PARALLEL EARTH.

OH YEAH. COME TO THINK OF IT, THEY DON'T EXIST ON MY EARTH ANYMORE EITHER.

I BLEW THEIR ASSES UP FOR THAT SHITTY LAST ALBUM.

WERE YOU =FZZRK= ABLE TO OBTAIN EVERYTHING YOU NEEDED?

GANKED SOME OF IT FROM AN OFFICE ON WALL STREET, BUT THEN I RAN INTO THE WARD'S GUTBAGS.

I ASSUME THEY CAUSED YOU NO =GGRZT= GREAT TROUBLE.

NAH, FUCK THOSE GUYS. I KILLED 'EM AND TOOK THEIR CRAP.

DUMB SHIT SACKS. I MEAN, I'M NOT SOME SPAZ, LOWLIFE ***PRISON ESCAPEE***...

...I'M FUCKING ***BOMB QUEEN.***

I BUILT A SUPER-COMPUTER OUT OF SOY SAUCE PACKETS AND KIT KAT WRAPPERS.

I'M THE MOST PROLIFIC MURDERER AND TERRORIST IN THE HISTORY OF THE PLANET.

I TOOK OVER AN AMERICAN CITY AND TURNED IT INTO SOMETHING THAT MADE ***SODOM AND GOMORRAH*** LOOK LIKE GODDAMN ***DOLLYWOOD.***

AND I'M ***SURE AS SHIT*** GONNA GO FOR A TWO-FER.

THE CLOISTERS MUSEUM AND PARK.

NEW YORK CITY.

OH MY. GLAD I KEEP AN EXTRA UMBRELLA IN MY OFFICE.

YUP. REALLY COMIN' DOWN.

L-LET ME IN!

PLEASE!

PLEASE!

OH FUCK ME, JESUS.

COME IN, DEAR, COME IN!

WHAT'S GOT YOU SO WORKED UP?

K-KILLER WHALE!

"IT'S A FUCKING KILLER WHALE!"

I PITY YOU.

JUST AS I PITIED THOSE WHO IMPRISONED ME.

EACH NIGHT WHILE THEY ROAMED THE HALLS OF THE WARD, SO ASSURED, BELIEVING THEY HAD STOLEN MY FREEDOM...

CROOSH

GAH!

...I RETREATED TO MY MEMORIES.

I RAN WITH MY *WOLF PACK.*

SWAM WITH MY *SHARK PUPS* IN THE ATLANTIC.

FUCKED MY *TIGER LOVER* IN THE JUNGLES OF INDIA.

IT WAS MY JAILERS WHO WERE THE TRULY JAILED, TRAPPED IN THEIR OWN HUMAN BODIES.

MY FLESH CAN BE IMPRISONED, BUT MY SOUL ALWAYS RUNS WILD AND FREE!

YOUR SOUL IS NOT FREE YET...

SHRRREEEEE!!

...BUT IT WILL BE SOON.

YOU SMELL OF OLD DEATH AND FEAR.

WORSE, YOU SMELL OF CONSTRAINT.

YOU FEAR TO BE WHAT YOU ARE.

SCRRUTCH

POK

AGHK!

BUT HE DOESN'T FEAR HIMSELF AS MUCH AS YOU FEAR *YOURSELF!*

WWSSSSSSH

OH, SNAP.

HNF!

GHHUNH!

ALL THOSE YEARS OF NINTENDO TAUGHT ME ONE THING: WHEN I SEE BUTTONS...

...I MASH.

MEIN GOTT.

WHOA.

PLP

SHRRP

SPLUT

AAAAAIIIGHHG!!

TERMINATOR INCARCERATION INITIATED (QUASH CONTRACTOR)

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

TERMINAL INCARCERATOR (OUTSIDE)

BEEP BEEP

IS THAT YOU, OCCULARIUM?

NO, MY QUEEN. IT APPEARS TO BE THE DEVICE YOU BORROWED FROM THE WARD'S HUNTERS.

AH. DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER LOOKING AT THIS.

SEEMED LIKE SOME STEVE JOBS CRAP.

WELL, HOW 'BOUT THAT?

DR. WEIR WENT AND GOT HERSELF KILLED.

GOOD. COULDN'T STAND THAT UPPITY KRAUT.

"OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR," HUH?

WONDER WHO THE WARD GOT TO PICK UP THE SLACK FOR THE GUTBAGS.

HA. SMALL WORLDS.

INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR #912

NAME:
CASSANDRA "CASSIE" HACK

ORIGINATING DIMENSION:
EARTHSPACE 777

REGISTERED CROSSDIMENSIONAL ENCOUNTERS:
HALLOWEEN MAN, BOMB QUEEN, NEFLORDS OF NEF, MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT.

KILL PERCENTAGE:
95%

OCCULARIUM, DO ME A FAVOR AND INPUT EVERYTHING ON THIS THING TO YOUR DRIVE.

RUN A TRACE ON APRIL FOOL FOR ME AND FEED COORDINATES TO MY VISUS VISOR.

LEAVING ON ANOTHER IMPORTANT ERRAND?

NAH, THIS ONE'S *PURE PLEASURE.*

I PROMISED SOMEONE I'D *VISIT* WHEN I WAS IN TOWN.

DWL

BRONX CHEER MOTEL.

...WITNESSES CLAIMING TO HAVE SEEN A VARIETY OF BIZARRE ANIMALS IN THE CLOISTERS...

HNNNGH.

HNNNGHGKK!

KRK

HNNH. I CAN WALK.

YEAH, I DON'T THINK SO.

ALL OF YOUR RIBS ARE BROKEN.

FEELS LIKE YOUR LUNGS ARE FLOATING IN A BAG OF GLASS.

SAMHAIN.

CASSANDRA, WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?

I NEEDED BACK UP, AND HE WAS IN THE AREA.

YOU MIND SCOOTING OVER FOR A BIT?

HE TOOK A PUNCH FROM A WOMAN-WHALE, AND HE'S GOING TO NEED SOME REST TO GET HIMSELF IN SHAPE IF WE'RE GOING TO TAKE ON BOMB QUEEN.

BOMB QUEEN?

LONG STORY, BABE.

MAN, MY BAT IS NO GOOD FOR NEW YORK CITY.

I CAN'T LOOK LIKE A "BASEBALL FURY" EVERY TIME I HAVE TO RUN TO WALGREENS.

I WILL HEAL.

YEAH, SAM, I KNOW.

I JUST FIGURE WE COULD USE SOME GROCERIES.

GIRL'S GOTTA HAVE HER NUTTER BUTTERS IF SHE'S GOING TO TAKE ON A COUPLE OTHER BAD GIRLS.

PLAY NICE, YOU TWO.

HRRM.

I STILL DO NOT LIKE YOU.

WALDRUGS

EXCUSE ME. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU KEEP THE FIRST AID STUFF?
AISLE FIVE, TOWARD THE BACK.
Chris

HUUNGH.
FUH.

SALE ITEMS
OH...
...GOD...
...DAMMIT.
UNGH.

OH. CAN'T LET THE BOYS SEE ME DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THEY'D NEVER LET ME LEAVE THE HOUSE.
THIS SURE HURTS LIKE HELL, THOUGH.

EXCUSE ME.

NO PROBLEM. DON'T MIND ME.

JUST BANDAGING UP BEFORE I MAKE A PHONE CALL TO A PARTICULAR PAIN IN MY ASS.

MICHIGAN.

CASSIE. LET ME GUESS: YOU HAVE SOME *FREE TIME* TO YELL AT ME, NOW THAT SAMHAIN WENT CRAZY AND KILLED EVERYONE.

BRING ON THE B's
Low budget films of the 50's&60's
Book of Crazy Stuff
The Far Out Films of Rudy T. Carpenter

FUNH. CAT. I NEED YOU TO GO ON THE WEB AND LOOK UP SYMPTOMS OF INTERNAL BLEEDING.

INTERNAL BLEEDING? *HM.* THERE'S AN ADVANTAGE TO EXTERNAL BLEEDING.

IT'S MUCH MORE OBVIOUS, SO--

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE.

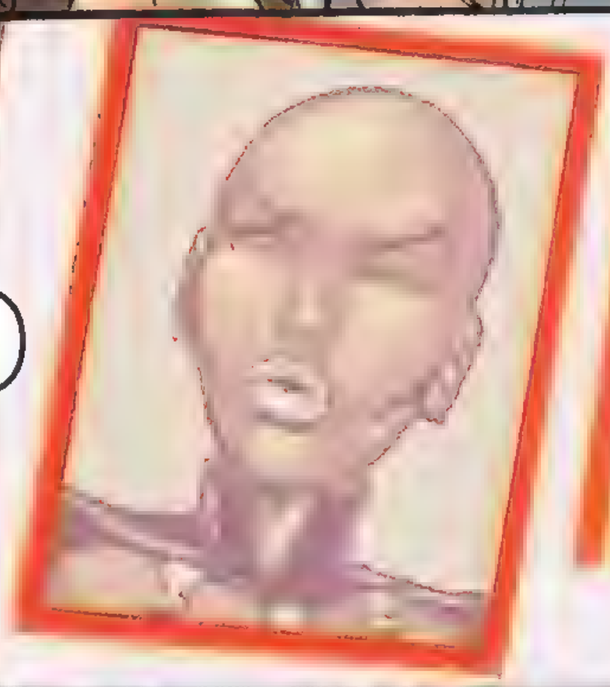
YOU CALLED ME TWICE IN A DAY.

DOES THIS MEAN I'M OFFICIALLY HACK/SLASH, INC. TWO-POINT-OH?

NO, IT MEANS--

BEEP BEEP

APRIL FOOL?



IN PROXIMITY!

WELL, THAT'S JUST PLAIN MEAN. ALSO, IT'S JULY.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL.

CASSANDRA SAYS SHE NEEDS ME.

HOW NICE IT MUST BE TO BE YOU, YES?

YOU HEAL FROM ANY WOUND.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO FEAR DEATH.

HOW NICE IT MUST BE TO BE *YOU.*

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU COME FROM. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

EVERYTHING YOU DO IS *YOUR* DECISION.

YOU NEVER HAVE TO BE ALONE.

YOU HAVE A LOYAL FRIEND WHO LOVES YOU.

WHO *TRUSTS* YOU.

YOU LAMENT FOR YOUR BROKEN BODY.

YOUR HUMANITY.

I WOULD TRADE THIS FORM FOR YOURS WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

ALL WHO KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THE *MONSTER* IS ONLY ON THE *OUTSIDE.*

ONCE, LONG AGO, I MET TWO WOMEN.

THEY WERE PALE. STRANGE.

THEY DRANK BLOOD AND MURDERED CRUELLY.

THEY TOLD ME THEY KNEW WHY I LOOK THE WAY I DO. THEY SAID THEY KNEW WHO MY PARENTS WERE. THEY KNEW WHY I HAD BEEN ABANDONED.

THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE MY SISTERS.

I KILLED THEM.

I TOLD MYSELF I KILLED THEM BECAUSE THEY THREATENED MY FRIEND. BECAUSE THEY WERE CRUEL AND DRANK BLOOD.

PERHAPS THAT IS TRUE. BUT SINCE THAT DAY, I SOMETIMES HEAR *A VOICE.*

IT TELLS ME, OVER AND OVER...

...THAT I KILLED THEM BECAUSE I DID NOT WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY WOULD TELL ME.

THE WOMAN, *FANTOMAH*, TOLD ME I HAD A DISEASE THAT WOULD KILL ME.

SHE WAS A LIAR AND TRICKSTER, YES?

BUT I DO NOT THINK SHE LIED ABOUT THIS.

I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU TRULY ARE, SAMHAIN.

BUT, MAYBE, THIS DOES NOT MATTER, YES?

CASSIE HAS PUSHED AWAY ALL HER FRIENDS AND ALLIES.

AFRAID SHE WILL CAUSE THEIR DEATHS.

WHEN... HRRM...*IF* I DIE, YOU MUST USE YOUR UNDYING BODY TO PROTECT CASSANDRA HACK.

YOU MUST GUIDE HER THROUGH THIS BLOODY MISSION SHE HAS DEDICATED HERSELF TO.

YOU MUST ENSURE THAT, ONE DAY, SHE FINDS A HAPPY LIFE.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

...YOU HAVE MY WORD.

WARHEAD THEATRE COMPANY.

OFF BROADWAY.

ARHEAD

RE COMPANY

...AND THEN, LIKE, SHE REALIZES THAT HER MOTHER IS, Y'KNOW, A SYMBOL FOR HER WHOLE COUNTRY, RIGHT?

CRY FOR THE SUDAN

THEN, JUST AS SHE REALIZES WHAT THE SYMBOL MEANS, SHE GETS KILLED.

BY A SNIPER.

DRESSED AS AN ASTRONAUT.

HE, UH, REPRESENTS THE... FUTURE?

I'M NOT LAUGHING.

YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE FOR ME IN PRISON.

HUNDREDS OF IDEAS FOR NEW SHOWS AND SKETCHES.

I MEAN, THEY WERE JUST ***BURSTING*** OUT OF MY HEAD, AND I COULDN'T PERFORM THEM OR SHARE THEM.

I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I REALLY CAN'T WASTE TIME, AND I'M GOING TO BE BRUTALLY HONEST HERE, FOR YOUR SAKE AND MINE...

EXIT

SLUCH

...YOU JUST *AREN'T* THE MAN FOR THE JOB.

SHUNNK

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOUR WORLD DOESN'T APPRECIATE A GOOD MURDER THE WAY MINE DOES.

WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE SOME LAUGHTER OUT OF THIS SULLEN PLACE.

IF THERE'S ONE THING MY COMEDY TEACHER, THE GREAT *JEFFREY DAHMER*, TAUGHT ME, IT'S THAT THERE'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN A *LAUGH* AND A *DEATH RATTLE.*

THE SEARCH FOR A DIRECTOR SHALL CONTINUE, SINCE THIS GUY IS SUCH A STIFF.

PUN INTENDED.

BUT I AM INTERESTED TO SEE HOW YOU ALL AUDITION.

I CAN'T DO THIS SHOW WITHOUT TALENTED, *BLOOD-FILLED* PERFORMERS.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S MAKE THIS *REALLY* FUNNY.

YOU! SING A SONG ABOUT PENGUINS...

...*WHILE* YOU BEAT *HIM* TO DEATH.

THE VISUS VISOR IS WORKING SWEET. I CAN SEE EVERY SICK THING SHE'S DOING.

AND SHE *IS* SICK, I'LL GIVE HER THAT.

BUT THE COMEDY-KILLER ANGLE IS PRETTY WORN THIN, AM I RIGHT, OCCULARIUM?

IF YOU =SZZK= SAY SO.

UH, EXCUSE ME.

WILL YOU TAKE FIVE HUNDRED FOR "AROUND THE WORLD"?

JUST A MINUTE, SPORT. I'M TALKING TO SOMEONE HERE.

HEY, OCCULARIUM, MAKE SURE YOU WARN ME IF I GET IN RANGE OF CASSIE'S SENSOR.

I WANNA STAY OFF HER RADAR UNTIL JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT.

BACK TO YOU, YOU LITTLE PANTY SNIFFER...

IMP

IF THAT WEREN'T SUCH A FLATTERING OFFER, I WOULD TOTALLY SHOVE AN EXPLOSIVE UP YOUR PUCKERED ASS.

HEY...

IM

...I KNOW THAT SLUGGER.

LOOKS LIKE CASSIE BROUGHT HER BEEFY BACK-UP.

WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

VIN?

VICTOR?

HEY THERE, STRANGER!

HELP A GIRL OVER A PUDDLE?

BUY HER SOME DINNER...?

WHAT?

HE'S MY DAD AND HE LIKES TO DO A LITTLE DRINKING BEFORE HE BANGS ME, OKAY?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

HNNH.

...OR DO YOU WANT ME TO JUST PARALYZE YOU WITH THIS LITTLE DISC AND TAKE YOU BACK TO MY PLACE?

ZZZT

WARHEAD THEATRE

KEEP RUNNING YOUR DRILLS.

REMEMBER THE BLOODY CHUCKLE'S CARDINAL RULE: UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGH, *THEN* ABJECT TERROR.

I'VE BEEN WEARING THIS COSTUME FOR ALMOST *THREE* HOURS.

TIME TO REINVENT MYSELF!

YOU...MUST BE... BOMB QUEEN.

NICE MANEUVER WITH... THE DISC, EVEN IF... IT LET ME GRAB... *THESE*.

HEY, YOU AREN'T VICT--

Wrong

OW.
OW.
OW.
A REMINDER: YOU ARE NOW WITHIN RANGE OF CASSIE HACK'S SENSORS.
FUCK--
BEEP BEEP
HMM?
BEEP BEEP
--ME.
BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP

KRAK

OOOH.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL *IMPROV.*

TO BE CONTINUED!

PARALLEL DIMENSION 555, A.K.A. PURGATORY.

THE WHITE WARD PENITENTIARY.

MOVE IT, HEX!

OW! I'M NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

"CLEAN UP IS PROGRESSING BETTER THAN EXPECTED, WARDEN, UH, SIR."

BETTER THAN EXPECTED ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH.

TWO OF MY INMATES ARE STILL OUT THERE, AND MY RETENTION SPECIALISTS ARE DEAD.

INITIATE ***TORTURE*** AS PUNISHMENT FOR ANY INMATE WHO LEFT HER CELL DURING THE RIOT.

I NEED EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THESE WOMEN--THE ONES WHO ESCAPED, THE ONES WHO ARE STILL HERE, AND THE ONES WHO WILL COME HERE SOMEDAY--TO UNDERSTAND THAT I MAKE THE RULES.

IF THE ESCAPEES DON'T EVENTUALLY DIE AFTER BEING RETURNED TO MY PRISON...

...I'LL MAKE CERTAIN THEY DIE ON WHATEVER BACKWATER WORLD THEY CRAWLED OFF TO.

BOMB QUEEN'S HIDEOUT.

CASSIE HACK. GOD, SHE LUBES MY LADY PARTS.

YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THE THINGS I'M GOING TO DO TO HER WHEN SHE GETS HERE.

I... WILL...KILL YOU.

WARHEAD THEATRE COMPANY.

OFF BROADWAY.

"PLEASE. LIKE SHE NEEDS *YOU*. I MEAN, SURE, SHE ATTRACTS MEATHEADS LIKE SHIT ATTRACTS FLIES, BUT THAT GIRL'S THE *DIRTY HARRY* OF THIS LITTLE PICTURE SHOW. SHE'S HARDER THAN A PEDO'S DICK AT A DAYCARE."

I'M GUESSING THE WARDEN HAD NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF *DEAL* SHE WAS GETTING WITH THIS PARTICULAR *"OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR."*

"THAT HOT LITTLE BODY WAS MADE FOR HUNTING. ADD A COUPLE OF YEARS WITH EVERY DAY SPENT TRACKING DOWN THE KIND OF PSYCHO THAT DOESN'T STAY DEAD AND YOU'VE GOT THE BADDEST BLOODHOUND BITCH IN A COUPLE OF DIMENSIONS."

I IMAGINE SHE MADE THINGS PRETTY HARD FOR THAT *APRIL FOOL* NUT.

FREED HER HOSTAGES. RUINED HER LITTLE "SATURDAY NIGHT DEAD" SHOW.

"SHE'S NOT JUST A HUNTER THOUGH, THAT CASSIE HACK.

"SHE'S GOT ANGER. ENOUGH TO POWER A GENUINE FUCKING DEMON. I KNOW. I'VE SEEN IT. *"

TRAPDOOR SWITCH

*SEE BOMB QUEEN VS. HACK/SLASH, ONLY FROM IMAGE!

SHE LIKES TO PRETEND SHE USES THAT ANGER FOR THE GREATER GOOD, THAT ALL THE FUCKED-UP SHIT SHE'S DONE WAS IN THE NAME OF A *NOBLE GOAL.*

BUT THE TRUTH IS, SHE TOOK THIS JOB WITHOUT MUCH CONVINCING.

"BECAUSE ALL CASSIE'S EVER REALLY WANTED WAS A *REASON* TO JUSTIFY THE BLOOD ON HER HANDS."

AND NOW THAT SHE'S JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS, DOING WHAT THE LITTLE GLOWING GLASS TELLS HER TO...

"...KILLING FOR SOMEONE ELSE, LIKE A PET ASSASSIN..."

...SHE'S JUST SICK AT HOW MUCH EASIER THIS IS.

HA.

HAHA.

HAHAHA.

HAH HAHA HA HAHAHAH HAH!

HAHA HAH HA HAHAHAH!

SHNK

HA HAHAH HAH HA HA!

HAHAH HA HAH HAHAH HAHA-

KRK

HNNH.

HA.

HAHA.

GOT A PRETTY SICK SENSE OF HUMOR YOURSELF, EH, PUMPKINHEAD?

AHEM. "TERMINAL INCARCERATION INITIATED. OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR."

I BELIEVE THAT WOULD INDICATE THAT APRIL FOOL IS =SZZK= DEAD, AND THAT CASSIE HACK WILL FOLLOW HER TRACKING DEVICE TO YOU NEXT, =SZZK= MY QUEEN.

"THAT'S MY GOOD LITTLE ASSASSIN."

THANKS FOR THE BLOOD, BUDDY.

SORRY, YOU DON'T GET A COOKIE.

OCCULARIUM, SEND CASSIE A LITTLE MESSAGE FOR ME, WOULD YOU?

"I WANT HER IN A GOOD MOOD. LET HER THINK SHE'S WALKING ALL THE WAY ACROSS NEW YORK CITY...

Hey, honey. Party at my place. Let's carve your pumpkin. LoL.

--XOXO BQ

"...TO FIND HER LITTLE BOY TOY."

AND AFTER I'M ALL DONE WITH CASSIE...

NNF.

SLICH

...I'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE WARDEN.

NOW WITH HEALING FACTOR. W-T-F, RIGHT?

MICHIGAN.

POOCH!

QUIT PACING!

Poor neurotic Pooch cannot help it.

BEAST from Ground Zero

Only can he think about Mistress Cass alone with the dark-eyed man, while Master Vlad is troubled by his bones, like the ones forgetful Pooch buried in the yard last year.

Oh, they haunt him so.

COME HERE. DON'T YOU WORRY.

CAT CURIO IS ON THE CASE, WHETHER IT BE FINDING SECRET ISLANDS OR COMFORTING BALD CHICKEN-HORSE-DOG THINGS.

Yes, comfort worrisome, noble Poo--

Did erratic and chatty Mistress Curio say "secret island"?

YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS WATCHING ALL THESE *MONSTER MOVIES* FOR FUN NOW, DID YOU?

UNDERNEATH NEW YORK CITY.

HUHF.

KEEP OUT!

KRRSH

BEEP BEEP

BEEP BEEP

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BRING YOUR OWN *TOY.*

I'VE GOT *PLENTY.*

COME ON. THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, RIGHT?

I MEAN, I'VE TAKEN OVER A CITY--HELL, A WHOLE COUNTRY--BUT IT ALWAYS COMES DOWN TO THE SQUISHY-SHAKE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT THERE.

YOU HIT THINGS WITH AN ERECT PHALLUS, AND I PUSH BUTTONS UNTIL STUFF EXPLODES.

YOU DON'T NEED DOCTOR PHIL TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU, DO YOU?

I'LL EASE YOU INTO IT. THIS SEXY, DARK THING HERE...I MADE HIM NICE AND DOCILE, JUST FOR YOU.

YOU CAN DO EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO DO TO HIM.

KISS HIM, CUT HIM, MAKE HIM TELL YOU ALL HIS SECRETS.

AFTER THAT, YOU MOVE ON TO THE MAIN COURSE.

I'LL EVEN LET YOU HIT ME.

BUT I GET TO CHOOSE ***WHERE.***

sptOo

OCCULARIUM, KILL THE MOOD LIGHTING.

AND THE MUSIC.

FRANKLY, I CAN'T BELIEVE AL GREEN DIDN'T WORK.

OH WELL.

NO SENSE IN GETTING BLOOD ON THIS FANCY UNDERWEAR, RIGHT?

OKAY, CASSIE HACK.

OUTSIDE CONTRACTOR.

ASSASSIN.

SERIAL KILLER.

GIRL THAT TURNED DOWN THE CHANCE TO SCISSOR WITH BOMB QUEEN.

PORTAL PLANS -BQ!

=SIGH= LET'S FINISH OUR DANCE.

BA-BOOM

YOU NEED A NEW FUCKING LINE.

KISS IT.

BOOM

UNGHF!

OH SHIT! OCC! I--I'M SORRY!

NNAAAUU NEEEED TO APOLLLLLAOOO--

=SZK=

I PROMISE TO REBUILD Y--

FWOK

HUH!

HHHH!!

SAM!

OH JESUS.

NOT YOU TOO.

IT'S THE *BLOOD*... NOT THE PAIN.

JUST HAS TO BE A LOT *MORE* BLOOD.

THE DARKNESS... WHEN SHE TOOK SO MUCH OF MY BLOOD, IT LIFTED SOME OF THE DARKNESS.

WAIT. BOMB QUEEN HAS YOUR BLOOD? THEN SHE--

IS GODDAMN *INVINCIBLE?*

THWOK

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.

KRRSH

UNH. AH...

AAAHHH!!

OOOH, BET THAT HURT.

NOT AS MUCH AS IT HURT ME WHEN YOU TURNED DOWN THIS FANTASTIC *CLAM*, BUT, STILL, PROBABLY PRETTY BAD.

I WANTED YOU IN A BIG WAY, AND NOW?

NOW, YOU DISGUST ME.

I LOOK AT YOU AND THINK: YOU'RE WHAT I *WOULD HAVE BEEN* IF I HADN'T DISCOVERED *REAL* FREEDOM.

THE SAD THING IS, ONCE I START A *NEW PORT CITY* ON THIS EARTH, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'D TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

YOU LIVE IN YOUR OWN PRISON.

SO I'M GOING TO LIBERATE THE WHITE WARD AND LET YOU WATCH.

AND WHEN I BRING THOSE WONDERFULLY EVIL BITCHES TO NEW YORK CITY...

...I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU AWAY IN A REAL CELL TO REMIND YOU OF WHAT YOU COULD HAVE HAD.

NNH. ALL YOU FUCKING JAILBIRDS...

TWUNK

...SING THE SAME DAMN SONG.

GHUNNH!!

WHAT THE--?

OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

KAFOOM

YOU SILLY LITTLE BITCH.

YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS ABOUT YOU, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU WERE JUST A FUN LITTLE DIVERSION.

A LOOSE END I THOUGHT I'D WRAP UP WITH A WET GANGBANG.

YOU KNOW-- FOREPLAY.

BUT *THIS* WAS THE ALL-NIGHT LICK 'N' SUCK.

AFTER THOSE SPACE GOD DORKS TORE UP THE MEMBRANE, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FIND ANOTHER TEAR.

OCCULARIUM WORKED HIS MAGIC, AND PRETTY SOON I HAD A PORTAL TO ANY WORLD I WANTED.

I PICKED PLACES WITH LOTS OF WONDERFULLY EVIL SEED TO HARVEST: WAR-TORN APOCALYPSES, SUPERHUMAN HELLHOLES.

AND, OF COURSE, THE WHITE WARD ITSELF.

BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY:

"IF YOU WANT TO ATTRACT A CROWD, LET THE *HOT BITCHES* IN FIRST.

"NEW PORT CITY TWO WILL BE YOUR DIMENSION'S NEW YORK. THEN WE'LL SET IT UP LIKE A FRANCHISE.

"A NEW PORT IN EVERY DIMENSION, WHERE ALL THE SCUM AND VILLAINY AND EVIL CAN THRIVE."

AND RULING OVER IT ALL?

ME, THE GODDAMN *BOMB EMPRESS!*

SCRATCH THAT.

THE BOMB GODDESS!!

COME ON, LADIES!

MURDERERS! RAPISTS! THIEVES! REVOLUTIONARIES!

YOU SHOULDN'T BE IMPRISONED FOR THE EVIL YOU'VE DONE...

...YOU SHOULD BE *REWARDED!* WE'LL START WITH HONORARY CITIZENSHIPS!

FOLLOW ME, AND WE'LL CREATE AN INTERDIMENSIONAL EMPIRE OF TRUE FREEDOM!

WHO'S WITH ME?!

I SAID: *WHO'S WITH ME?*

YOU... YOU'RE ALL *AFRAID.*

DID WARDEN PSYCHO HURT YOU THAT BAD? IS THAT IT?

DID SHE PROMISE TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU IF YOU ESCAPED?

THIS IS HER ASSASSIN--A TEENAGE GIRL WITH A FUCKING BASEBALL BAT!

THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF?

BACHOOM

BOOM

FUCK YOU.

FUCK YOU ALL.

BADOOOM

I DIDN'T SEE IT BEFORE.

DIDN'T SEE THAT YOU'RE ALL JUST AS PATHETIC AS THE "GOOD" PEOPLE.

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE ABOVE IT ALL.

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

YOU BELIEVE DEEP DOWN THAT YOU'RE ALL SINNERS.

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE FREE.

YOU WANT TO BE *PUNISHED.*

YOU *WANT* THE WARDEN TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.

YOU DON'T DESERVE ME.

YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

ONCE I KILL YOU ALL, I'LL TURN THAT PORTAL FROM A DOOR INTO A WEAPON.

I'LL TEAR THE MEMBRANE APART.

THE UNIVERSE. THE MULTIVERSE.

IT'LL ALL GO UP, TAKING ALL THE HYPOCRISY AND COWARDICE WITH IT.

START WITH THE *BIG BANG...*

...END WITH THE *BIG BOOM.*

STOP! *FUCKING STOP!!*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU'RE AN *EVIL BITCH*, YEAH, BUT SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO *DESTROY THE UNIVERSE?*

I DON'T THINK I CAN BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH SAM'S BLOOD IN YOU, BUT I'LL FUCKING TRY!

THE BLOOD...

AS SOON AS THE TRANSFUSION STARTED, IT WAS LIKE...

IT WAS LIKE A *SHADOW* FELL OVER MY MIND, BUT I COULD SEE.

I COULD SEE IN THE DARK.

NOW IT'S SO DARK AND BLACK THAT I JUST WANT TO STEP ON THE THROAT OF LIFE.

I'M A BAD BITCH, HACK. THE BADDEST.

BUT IT'S ALL FOR THE FUN. FOR THE SHOW. FOR THE POWER.

AND THIS IS SICK. THERE'S NO CHOICE BUT TO DESTROY AND RAPE AND HATE AND KILL.

THIS ISN'T FREEDOM.

THIS IS SLAVERY.

HACK... KILL ME. BASH MY SKULL IN.

USE MY GAUNTLET TO BLOW MY HEAD OFF.

I CAN'T DO IT MYSELF, BUT YOU--

NO.

NO MORE.

I ONLY HAVE SOME OF THIS *SHIT* FLOWING THROUGH MY VEINS.

I'M JUST SEEING A LITTLE OF WHAT YOUR FRIEND SEES.

IF THIS IS WHAT LIFE IS TO HIM, AND HE'S OUT THERE, ROAMING THE WORLD...

...WE'RE BOTH BETTER OFF IN HERE.

LATER.

CASSIE HACK?

I'M WARDEN SANDAHL.

EXCELLENT WORK ON RE-ATTAINING THE ONE ESCAPEE AND TERMINATING THE OTHER TWO.

OH...YEAH. SURE.

BEING THAT OUR PARALLEL WORLDS DON'T USE THE SAME CURRENCY, I'M AFRAID A MONETARY REWARD FROM THE PRISON WOULD BE OF LITTLE USE TO YOU.

BUT IN RETURN FOR SERVICES RENDERED, I AM OFFERING YOU SOMETHING QUITE SIGNIFICANT: A JOB.

YOU WILL BE OUR ***HEAD RETENTION SPECIALIST.***

YOU WILL ACT AS MY ASSISTANT IN RUNNING THE PRISON AND BE TASKED WITH PROPERLY INTIMIDATING THE INMATES.

SHOULD ONE ESCAPE-- WELL, YOU'VE ALREADY PROVEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IN THAT SITUATION.

YOU'LL HAVE ACCESS TO OUR OPULENT ONSITE LIVING FACILITIES AND BE COMPENSATED WITH A WAGE THAT WILL ALLOW YOU TO LIVE LIKE A QUEEN IN ANY ONE OF OUR PARALLEL AFFILIATED ECONOMIES.

BEST OF ALL, CASSIE, YOU WILL TAKE CONTROL OVER WHAT YOU HATE.

AGENTS OF EVIL WILL HAVE TO ***RESPECT*** YOU!

IF THEY REFUSE, YOU WILL HAVE A FREE HAND IN TEACHING THEM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

IF THEY RUN, YOU WILL HUNT THEM DOWN LIKE THE DOGS THEY ARE, WITH THE FULL POWER OF UNIVERSAL LAW BEHIND YOU.

COME, CASSIE.

THE WHITE WARD HAS NEED OF YOU.

I WON'T KILL FOR YOU.

WHAT I DO, I DO FOR ***ME.***

SO TAKE YOUR JOB AND KINDLY SHOVE IT UP YOUR TIGHT, FASCIST ASSHOLE.

I'M GOING HOME.

KEEP YOUR "DOGS" OUT OF MY YARD.

BRONX CHEER MOTEL.

CASSANDRA?

YEAH, IT'S JUST ME AND SAM.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

I FEEL MUCH BETTER, YES. IS ALL OKAY?

YEP. A FEW BRUISES HERE AND THERE, BUT SAM AND I MADE THE WORLD SAFE AGAIN FOR ZOO ANIMALS AND AVANT GARDE THEATRE.

HRM. IT SEEMS SAMHAIN MAKES A VERY GOOD VLAD, YES?

DON'T. DON'T SAY THAT.

TUMP

IS HE ALRIGHT IN THERE?

YEAH.

YEAH, HE'S FINE.

SLLICH

PLIP

PLIP

PLIP

HATCHET/SLASH

HACK/SLASH ANNUAL #3

ANNUAL #3A by **TIM SEELEY & MARK ENGLERT**

YEARS AGO.

TELL YOU WHAT: WE TURN BACK RIGHT NOW.

I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY BACK.

WON'T BE NO HARM IN IT.

LOOK, DUDE. I CAME DOWN TO MARDI GRAS TO SEE TWO THINGS: TITTIES AND A GHOST.

I'VE SEEN A LOT OF THE FIRST. I'LL BE DAMNED IF I DON'T SEE A LITTLE OF THE SECOND.

YOU RICH KIDS DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH YOUR MONEY, BUT THE SECOND I SEE SOMETHIN' FUCKED UP, I'M MAKIN' TRACKS AND AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STOP ME.

WHO'S THIS GHOST WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SEEING ANYWAY?

SO FAR ALL I SEE IS SOME SWAMP BULLSHIT.

SOME HUMPBACKED MOTHERFUCKER WHO GOT KILLED BY HIS DAD, 'SWHAT I HEARD.

VICTOR CROWLEY.

BUNCHA SNOT-NOSED SHITS LIKE YOURSELVES SET HIS HOUSE ON FIRE FOR A LAUGH.

VICTOR'S DADDY TRIES TO BUST IN AND SAVE HIM, KNOCKIN' THE DOOR DOWN WITH A HATCHET.

DON'T KNOW VICTOR'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. KILLS THE BOY. SAD SHIT.

NOW HE'S GOT A MAD-ON FOR THE WHOLE WORLD.

COMIN' INTO THIS PART OF THE SWAMP AT NIGHT IS PRETTY MUCH DECLARIN' A DEATH WISH.

DON'T KNOW HOW MANY FOOL SUMBITCHES CROWLEY'S KILLED OVER THE YEARS.

LOTS.

THEN HOW COME WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET IF WE'RE IN SO MUCH DANGER?

YOU GOTTA GET UP CLOSE TO CROWLEY'S HOUSE FIRST.

GUYS, I THINK WE SHOULD GO BACK. THIS ISN'T FUN ANY MORE.

GUYS, WE SHO--

AAAAAAHHH!

COURTNEY!

AAAIIIEEEE!

COURTNEY!

THAT'S MY CUE TO LEAVE.

TRIED TO WARN Y'ALL.

WHAT THE *FUCK?!*

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HER BEHIND!

AIN'T NO WAY THAT GIRL IS WALKIN' AWAY FROM THAT.

WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE DO ANY BETTER.

NOW.

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE THE RUMORS WERE PRETTY SOLID.

WAITER!

I WILL HAVE MORE OF YOUR FANCY DONUTS!

SEVEN YOUNG MILLIONAIRES VISIT NEW ORLEANS AND GO MISSING.

MYSTERY BODIES WITH WEIRD, RITUALISTIC MARKINGS START SHOWING UP IN HASTILY DUG GRAVES.

POLICE DON'T SEE A CONNECTION, BUT...

...SEEMS FISHY TO ME.

YOUR BEIGNETS, SIR.

HURR. MY THANKS.

HRM. YOU SEEM UNFAZED BY ME.

MY APPEARANCE DOES NOT BOTHER YOU?

MISTER, YOU *WISH* YOU WERE THE WEIRDEST SHIT I'VE SEEN TODAY.

HURR. I *LIKE* THIS PLACE.

DON'T GET TOO COMFORTABLE, VLAD.

AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MISSING PEOPLE AND KILL WHATEVER TOOK THEM, WE'RE BACK ON THE ROAD.

DO YOU HAVE ANY THEORIES?

DOWN HERE, IT COULD BE ALMOST LITERALLY ANYTHING, WHAT WITH ALL THE CRAZY VOODOO SHIT THEY'VE GOT GOING ON.

HRM. VOODOO... DOODOO.

HAH!

WHAT ABOUT THIS HATCHET-FACE MAN FROM THE LOCAL STORIES?

WHAT, THAT *GHOST*? I FUCKING HOPE NOT.

ALL THAT "CAN'T TOUCH ME" AND "WHERE DID I GO?" BULLSHIT PISSES ME OFF.

GIVE ME SOMETHING MADE OF MEAT THAT I CAN BEAT TO HELL.

I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING: IF IT TURNS OUT TO BE THAT FUCKING *GOOD GUY DOLL* AGAIN, I AM JUST GOING TO *SHIT*.

ELSEWHERE.

GOD, IT'S LIKE A DAMN *MAZE* IN HERE.

TYLER, I THINK WE'VE ALREADY BEEN THIS WAY.

SHUT UP, WHITNEY.

I SWEAR THIS IS ALL NEW.

WE'VE *GOT* TO BE CLOSE TO GETTING OUT OF HERE.

LOOK, MAYBE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP AND--

NO FUCKING WAY, HUNTER!

SPLITTING UP IS JUST ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

WE ALREADY LOST BLAKE. I'M NOT LETTING YOU GUYS OUT OF MY SIGHT.

PLUS, IT'S GOING TO BE DARK SOON.

WE DON'T WANT TO BE ANYWH--*OH SHIT!*

JESUS!
IT'S BLAKE!
I *KNEW* THAT MONSTER GOT HIM!
SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
I *TOLD YOU* WE WERE GOING IN CIRCLES!
WHO VOTED *YOU* LEADER?
FUCK YOU, STEELE!
LIKE YOU COULD HAVE DONE ANY BETTER!
SO LEAD US THE HELL OUT OF HERE, GENIUS!
BECAUSE IF BLAKE'S BODY GOT LEFT ANYWHERE NEAR WHERE WE LOST HIM...
...THEN WE'RE RIGHT BY THE FUCKING HOU--
STEELE!

FUCK!

IT'S CROWLEY!

AAAGGGHH!

RUN!

TYLER, COME ON!

CHOK

GAAAAAAHH!

SHLURK

NO, I DIDN'T *ACTUALLY* THINK THAT GUY WAS THE KILLER.

I'M NOT AN IDIOT.

I *DO* THINK HE WAS GETTING A LITTLE TOO FUCKING HANDSY, THOUGH.

I HATE THAT WE EVEN WASTED SO MUCH TIME THERE.

WE DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING.

I *LIKE* PARADES.

AND THAT MAN SPENT ALL YEAR MAKING THAT COSTUME BY HAND.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DESTROY IT.

WELL, MAYBE NEXT TIME HE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE HE TRIES GRABBING A FISTFUL OF TITTY FROM A TOTAL STRANGER.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT A NEW THEORY.

YOU WANT TO HIDE SOMEONE, YOU PUT 'EM IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING.

YOU WANT TO HIDE SEVEN SOMEONES, YOU'D NEED A BIG ONE.

IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEW-- *AH HAH!*

SCREEEEECH

BOOM.

THERE IT IS.

"IT IS THE HYPERDOME."

"RIGHT. THE STADIUM WAS WRECKED BY KATRINA. IT'S BEEN OUT OF USE SINCE THEN...

"...SO YOU TELL ME: WHY ARE THOSE CARS PARKED THERE?"

THE NEWSPAPER SAYS THAT SOMEONE HAS BEEN DOING SOME KIND OF RENOVATION WORK.

YEAH, BUT THESE AREN'T WORKERS' TRUCKS.

AND THERE ARE FIVE...SIX... *SEVEN!*

SEVEN YUPPIE-MOBILES. JACKPOT.

TELL ME *THAT'S* A COINCIDENCE.

YES. IT DOES SEEM WE SHOULD CHECK IT OUT.

YEAH.
SO LET'S CHECK THE HELL OUT OF IT.
HURR.
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE RIVETED SHUT.
ARE THEY KEEPING SOMEONE OUT OR SOMETHING IN?
HRM. PERHAPS IT IS MEANT TO BE WATERTIGHT.
WATERTIGHT? GODDAMMIT, IS THIS SOME KIND OF *SHARK* THING?
NO. THIS WATER, INSIDE HERE... IS FRESH. DO YOU SMELL SWAMP GAS?
AH! YOU FOUND IT!
I WONDERED IF YOU WOULD EVER GET HERE.
WHAT THE HELL?

CASSIE HACK, SLASHER KILLER.

AND THIS DASHING ROGUE MUST BE VLAD.

YOU HAVE QUITE A REPUTATION IN CERTAIN CIRCLES.

I'M GLAD YOU LIVED UP TO IT, INTERPRETING MY MESSAGE AND FINDING YOUR WAY HERE.

YOUR MESSAGE?

SO YOU'RE BEHIND THE FREAKY DEAD BODIES WE READ ABOUT IN THE PAPER?

AND THE MISSING MILLIONAIRES?

LET'S JUST SAY I HELPED CIRCULATE THE STORIES ABOUT THE "FREAKY DEAD BODIES."

I'D BEEN LED TO BELIEVE THAT SORT OF THING IS LIKE YOUR BAT-SIGNAL.

AND HERE YOU ARE.

YEAH, THAT'S GREAT. SO WHO THE HELL ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?

I OWN THIS BUILDING. I BOUGHT IT AFTER IT WAS ABANDONED, AT CONSIDERABLE COST.

AND I HAVE TRANSFORMED IT INTO SOMETHING NEW, AT AN EVEN MORE CONSIDERABLE COST.

AS FOR MY PURPOSE... WELL, I'VE WANTED TO MEET YOU FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

YOU CAN CALL ME *COURTNEY.*

OH MY GOD. HE CUT STEELE'S FACE OFF!

HE CUT HIS HEAD IN HALF!

ON THE OTHER HAND, WE KNOW FOR SURE NOW THAT STEELE *DID* HAVE A BRAIN IN HIS FUCKING HEAD.

JESUS! HOW CAN YOU EVEN SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

CALM DOWN, KATELYNN. I'M SORRY.

I'M JUST SCARED. WE ALL ARE.

OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST AN ASSHOLE!

YOU WERE ALWAYS JEALOUS OF HOW MUCH BETTER LOOKING STEELE WAS THAN YOU!

JEALOUS? OF *THAT* HOMO?

I DON'T THINK SO.

WE WEREN'T EXACTLY COMPETING IN THE SAME MARKET, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BRITNEY. YOU'RE RIGHT.

TYLER'S JUST AN ASSHOLE.

THANKS, KATELYNN.

MAYBE CROWLEY WILL GET TYLER NEXT.

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SAD ABOUT THAT.

HAH! YOU FUCKING WISH!

WHO DO YOU THINK IS MORE LIKELY TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE--

--A FORMER FOOTBALL M.V.P. OR A BOTTLE BLOND WHORE RUNNING THROUGH THE SWAMP IN HEELS?

YOU DICK! MAYBE *I'LL* KILL YOU.

BRITNEY, HUSH! DO YOU HEAR THAT?

RRRRRRRRRRRRR

AAAIIIEEEE!

RRRRRRRRRRR

BRITNEY! NO!

WE'VE GOT TO GO!

COME ON!

COME ON!

OH, FUCK! BRITNEY!

RRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRR

WE WERE JUST A BUNCH OF SPOILED TRUST-FUND KIDS LOOKING FOR WAYS TO RELIEVE OUR BOREDOM.

WE LET OUR DUMB FRIEND TYLER TALK US INTO BRIBING A LOCAL FISHERMAN TO TAKE US OUT ON HIS BOAT INTO A RESTRICTED AREA OF THE SWAMP.

TYLER REALLY WANTED TO SEE A GHOST, AND THE MOST FAMOUS GHOST IN THESE PARTS IS THE HATCHET-WIELDING VICTOR CROWLEY.

HURRR. SO VICTOR CROWLEY *IS* INVOLVED IN THIS?

OH, YES. HE PLAYS PERHAPS THE BIGGEST PART OF ALL.

PAY UP, CASSANDRA!

GODDAMMIT. IT HAD TO BE A FUCKING GHOST.

SO YOUR BOAT GOT TOO CLOSE TO CROWLEY AND HE GRABBED YOU, HUH?

OBVIOUSLY YOU SURVIVED, MAYBE SOME THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

HOW'D YOU ESCAPE?

NO MERE GHOST, I ASSURE YOU.

CROWLEY IS A REMORSELESS KILLER RESPONSIBLE FOR COUNTLESS DEATHS.

AND I WAS NEARLY ONE OF THEM.

"I GOT INCREDIBLY LUCKY.

"IT WAS NO THANKS TO MY SO-CALLED FRIENDS, OF COURSE. THEY RAN AWAY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER, LEAVING ME IN THE HANDS OF THE KILLER.

"THE ALLIGATORS DISTRACTED HIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE MY WAY TO LAND.

"AS I PULLED MYSELF ACROSS THE FOREST FLOOR, INCH BY INCH, I JUST KNEW CROWLEY WAS GOING TO CATCH ME.

"BUT HE NEVER DID.

"BY SOME MIRACLE I MANAGED TO FIND A ROAD, AND SOMEONE MANAGED TO FIND ME AND TAKE ME TO A HOSPITAL.

"DURING MY CONVALESCENCE, I HAD A GREAT DEAL OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT THOSE WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PAIN.

"AND HOW I WOULD GET MY REVENGE ON THEM."

LET ME GUESS: YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING TO SET CROWLEY AFTER THEM, RIGHT?

YOU LUNATIC. YOU COULDN'T JUST POST EMBARRASSING PHOTOS OF THEM ON THE INTERNET--YOU HAD TO GET THEM FUCKING ***SLAUGHTERED?***

WELL, IF THE STORIES I'VE HEARD ARE ACCURATE, CROWLEY NEVER LEAVES HIS SWAMP. HOW THE HELL DID YOU TRICK THEM INTO GOING BACK THERE?

AH! THAT ***WAS*** A CHALLENGE.

NOT EVEN BLACKMAIL WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO GET THOSE COWARDS TO GO INTO THE SWAMP AGAIN.

BUT IT ***WAS*** ENOUGH TO GET THEM TO GO SOMEPLACE ELSE.

SO IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF BRINGING THE MOUNTAIN TO MOHAMMED.

OR ***SWAMP***, IN THIS CASE.

OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE MATTER OF WAITING FOR DEAR OLD MOM AND DAD TO DIE SO I HAD THE RESOURCES OF THEIR FORTUNES AT MY DISPOSAL.

AFTER TEN YEARS OF WAITING, I HAD TO TAKE MATTERS IN MY OWN HANDS.

BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.

YOU PUT CROWLEY IN THE DOME, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU MADE A GODDAMN SLASHER TERRARIUM.

HOW THE FUCK--?

SOME PEOPLE ARE WILLING TO DO ***ANYTHING*** FOR THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MONEY.

EVEN RISK THEIR LIVES IN CROWLEY'S SWAMP.

"AND THE BEST THING ABOUT WORKING WITH VICTOR CROWLEY IS...

"...THERE ARE SELDOM ANY WITNESSES LEFT OVER WHEN THE JOB'S DONE."

THIS IS ALL SO FUCKING METICULOUS, HOW THE FUCK DID YOU GET SO SLOPPY DISPOSING OF THOSE MEN'S BODIES?

WHY EVEN MOVE THEM AT ALL?

HASTILY BURIED AND MARKED WITH FAKE RITUALISTIC SYMBOLS.

AS I NOTED EARLIER: I HAD TO GET YOUR ATTENTION SOMEHOW.

HRM. WHY WOULD YOU *WANT* US TO COME?

WE WILL STOP YOU.

NO! YOU ARE HERE TO *HELP* ME.

CROWLEY KILLS THE COWARDS.

YOU KILL CROWLEY.

I WIN TWICE.

YOU FORGOT THE PART WHERE WE WRAP EVERYTHING UP BY KICKING YOUR ASS, TOO.

BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'D BETTER TELL ME HOW THE FUCK TO GET INTO THE DOME, BEFORE I DECIDE TO DO YOU FIRST!

RIGHT THIS WAY, DEAR.

HOLY SHIT.

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?

HURRY THE HELL UP!

THAT BASTARD'S RIGHT ON OUR TAILS!

TYLER, PAY ATTENTION TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

WE DON'T WANT TO GO IN MORE CIRCLES!

A MAZE LIKE THIS, WE'RE ***NEVER*** GOING TO FIND OUR WAY OUT IN THE DARK.

WE JUST NEED TO STAY ALIVE UNTIL DAYLIGHT, AND MAKE SURE WE DON'T RUN BACK INTO--

WHAM

--A WALL?

GUYS, THIS IS AWESOME!

WE FOUND A WALL!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS FOLLOW THIS, AND WE'RE SURE TO FIND--

--AN EXIT?

OH, SHIT.

NO!

NOT ME!

NOT NOW!

AGH! WHA--?

FFFAAAARRRGH!

PLEASE, NO!

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE WHO LI--

SHLAK

SHUK

HUNTER! PUSH!

SHUSH, GIRL! HE'LL HEAR YOU!

SHIT SHIT SHIT *SHIT!*

IT'S CROWLEY! CLIMB!

CLIMB!

H-HEY! HEY!

COME ON, MAN!

KILLING THE BLACK GUY IS SO CLICHÉ!

RWAK

HEY, HANDSOME!

I LIKE YOUR LITTLE TOMAHAWK, GUY, BUT...

TSK. LOOKS LIKE MINE'S BIGGER.

FILL YOUR HAND, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

SPURCH

BOOM!

SWAP

UNH!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT ONE.

BUT MINE'S STILL BIGGER.

OH SHIT!

HEY!

HELP US, LADY!

LET'S TRY TO KEEP THIS ABOUT ME, OKAY, CROWLEY?

CHIN-CHIN, YOU DICK.

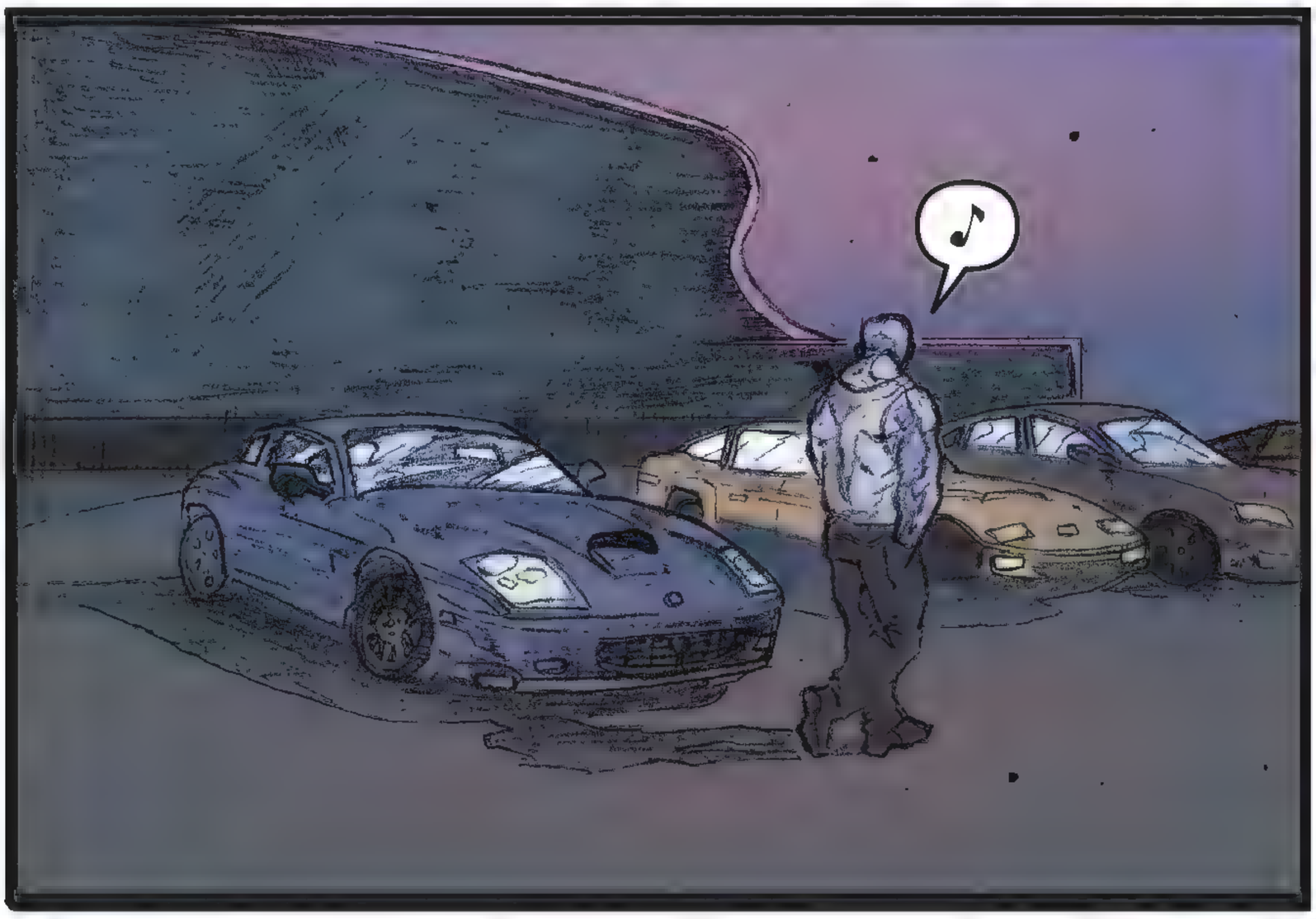
FWOOSH

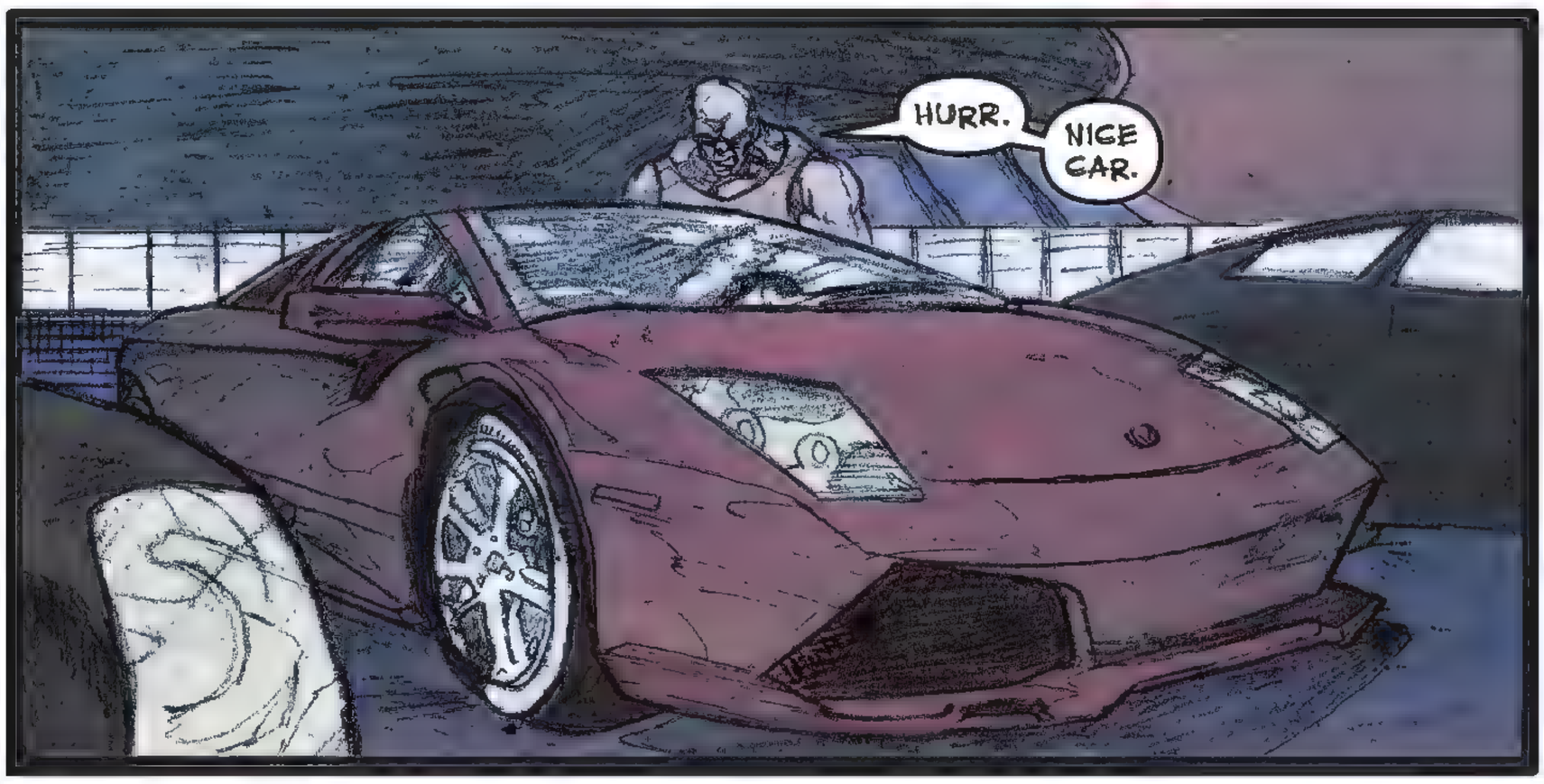
WHUMP

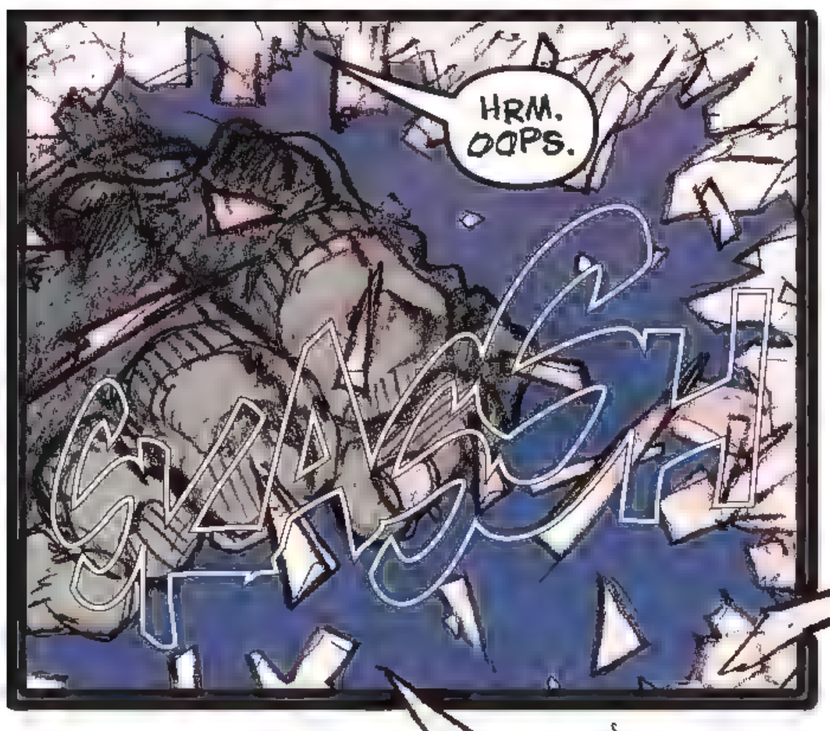
ALL RIGHT, KIDS!

GET READY TO RUN!

LET'S MAKE OUR WAY TO HIGHER GROUND AND CROSS OUR FINGERS THAT MY PARTNER CAN DO HIS THING IN TIME.




HURR.
NICE CAR.


HRM. OOPS.
CRASH!

OOPS AGAIN.
I AM SO CLUMSY.
WRUNCH

HURR.
IT IS ALIVE.
ZZZT
VROOOOM

OH MY GOD.

WHO ARE YOU?

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT I DESTROY THINGS LIKE CROWLEY.

WE'RE GOING TO HOPE THAT THIS TIME I'VE SUCCEEDED.

BUT I'VE GOT A SNEAKING SUSPICION WE AREN'T SO LUCKY.

YOU KNOW THE WAY TO THE EXIT, RIGHT?

YEAH! YOU CAME IN HERE ON YOUR OWN.

YOU'VE GOTTA KNOW THE WAY OUT!

NO WAY. EVEN IF IT WERE FULL DAYLIGHT, THIS PLACE IS DESIGNED TO BE A MAZE. I LOST THE WAY IN FINDING YOU GUYS.

BUT IF ALL GOES TO PLAN, WE SHOULD HAVE A WAY OUT IN A FEW MINUTES.

ALL RIGHT, SO WHAT'S THE BIG--

--PLAN?

YAAAAGGH!

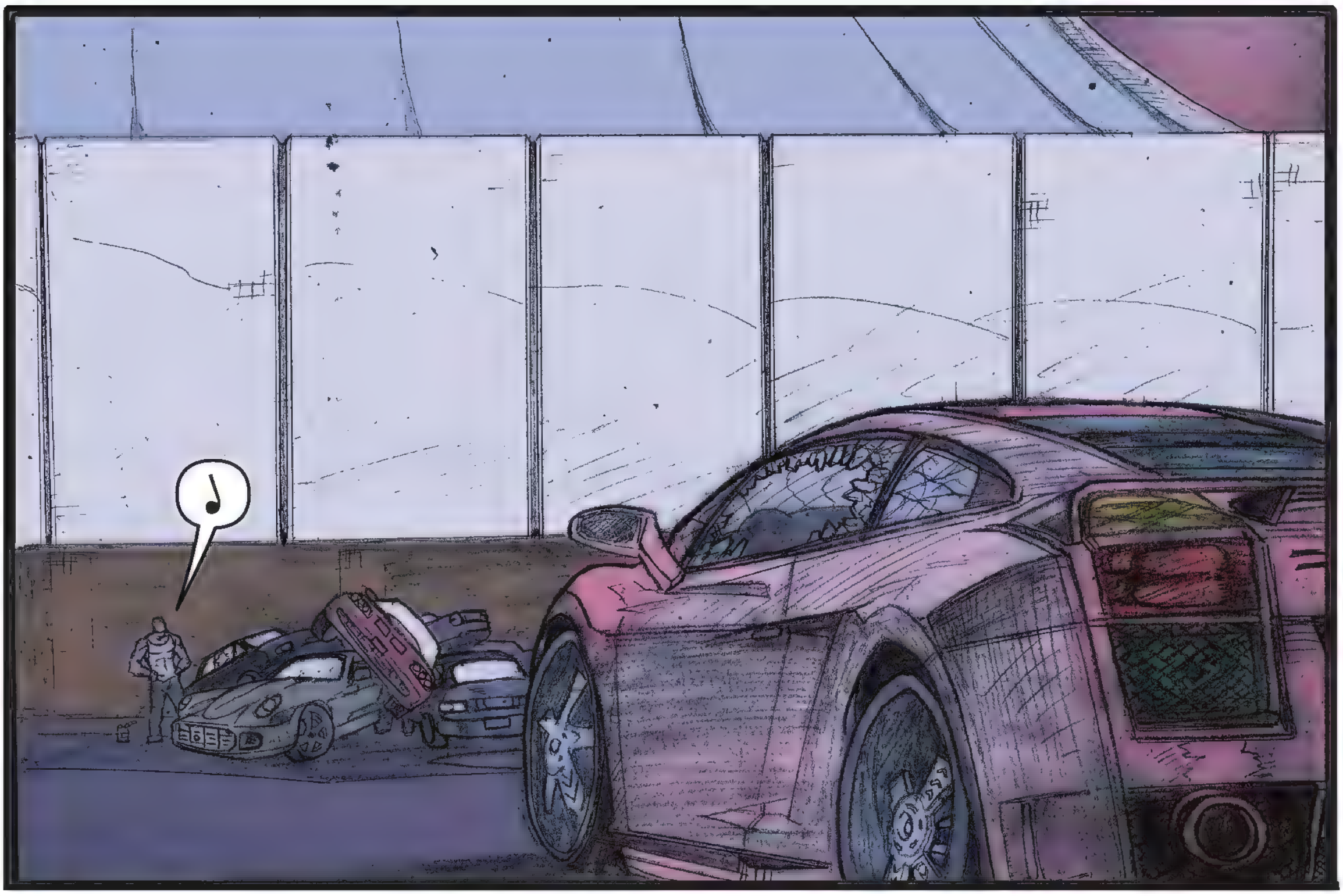
FFAAAARRRGGH!

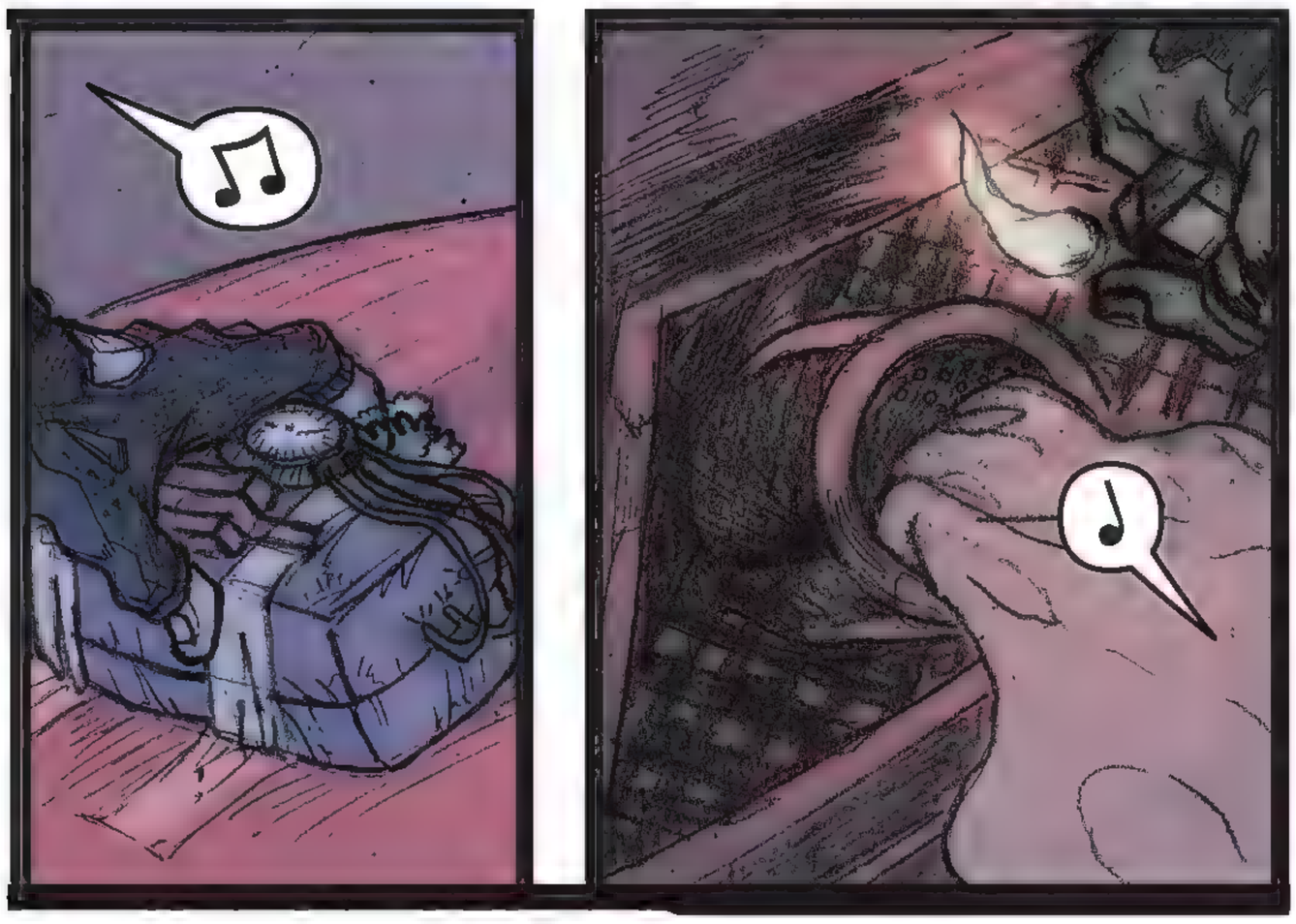
GOD DAMN IT!

GHOSTS ARE BULLSHIT!

KRAK

AAAAGH!
MY F-F-FUCKIN' ARM!
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR CRYING, CHAMP.
WE'VE GOT TO GET MOVING.
M-MY ARM...
KEEP IT COOL.
WE'VE GOT TO BE FOCUSED IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY OUT!
I DON'T! WE'RE JUST TRYING TO GET TO THE HIGHEST GROUND WE CAN FIND!
WELL, WHICH WAY IS *THAT*?
FUCKING *UPWARDS!*
IF WE START GOING DOWNWARDS, WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, OKAY?
JESUS.





HRM. YES.
PERFECT.

HURR.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL.

KAWOOOOM

BADOOOM

THAT'S THE SIGNAL!

EVERYBODY RUN TOWARD THAT EXPLOSION!

WE MADE OUR OWN EXIT!

YOU'RE NOT COMING WITH US?

I'M GOING TO HANG BACK AND MAKE SURE WE DON'T HAVE ANY UNINVITED GUESTS ON OUR TAIL.

REMEMBER TO STAY ON HIGH GROUND!

AND IF YOU SEE ANY MOVING WATER, GET THE HELL AWAY FROM IT!

WATER?

WHY WOULD WE SEE ANY WA--

AAAAHHH!

SNAP

WHITNEY!

WHITNEY!

PRRRUMMBBBLE

CRWHOOOOSH

OH DEAR GOD.

=PUFF=

THE EXPLOSION...

=HUFF=

...MUST HAVE CAUSED A TIDAL WAVE WITH THE SWAMP WATER.

YEAH.

THAT MEANS IT'S TIME TO GET THE HELL OUT.

NOW.

VERY CLEVER, MISS HACK.

VERY CLEVER INDEED.

CROWLEY MANIFESTS WHEREVER THE SWAMP AND HIS HOUSE ARE.

NO SWAMP, NO CROWLEY.

PERHAPS. BUT IT SEEMS I LET YOU INTO THE DOME TOO SOON.

I BELIEVE I SAW THREE OF MY TORMENTORS ESCAPING.

I DIDN'T THINK ANY OF THEM WOULD SURVIVE THAT LONG.

YEAH, THEY WERE RESILIENT LITTLE PRICKS.

THEY STILL NEEDED MY HELP, THOUGH.

SAVING THEM WASN'T PART OF THE DEAL. CROWLEY KILLS THEM. YOU KILL CROWLEY. I'VE STUDIED YOU. YOU WERE THE VICTIM OF A MONSTER, TOO, SO I THOUGHT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO *HELP* ME.

SURE. YOU'RE A VICTIM. I'M A VICTIM. BUT I USE MY EXPERIENCE TO HELP PEOPLE, NOT KILL THEM.

OH, AND YOU KNOW WHO ELSE WAS A VICTIM?

YOUR OLD PAL VICTOR CROWLEY.

GUESS WHICH ONE OF US YOU'RE MORE LIKE.

NO! NOT AGAIN!

NEVER AGAIN!

FWAAASSSH

PUSSSSHHH

CREEEK

KRK

KRRRK

KRAK

WHA--?

HHH.

STILL...

...STILL... ALIVE.

HH.

MY CAR!
MY FUCKING CAR!
OH GOD.
UGH. RICH PEOPLE PRIORITIES.
HEY, CHAMP.
YOUR ARM GOT SPLIT OPEN LIKE AN OVER-NUKED HOT DOG.
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GO TO A HOSPITAL.
AW, JEEZ.
WHAT ARE *YOU* POUTING ABOUT?
I WANTED TO PUNCH THE GHOST AND YOU MADE ME STAY OUTSIDE.
ALL RIGHT. HOW CAN I MAKE IT UP TO YOU?
FANCY DONUTS!
I WIN...
=HEFF=
...I WIN.
DADDYYYY.
WHAT? *NO!*
DAAAADYYYYY.
NOOOOOOOO!
THE END.

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#1B by MIKE DeBALFO

HACK/SLASH™

MEETS...

ZOMBIES -VS- CHEERLEADERS

I DON'T... FEEL SO HOT...

UHHH, RALPHHH!

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU, BOY?!

MAHHRRGG!

RYAN 8

HOW THE HELL CAN PEOPLE *STAND* IT UP HERE? IT RAINS ALL THE FUCKING TIME.

I THINK IT IS PRETTY. I LIKE THE MOUNTAINS AND TREES.

THAT'S MY BOY, ALWAYS LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS. I APOLOGIZE IF I'M A BIT JADED. SEVERAL YEARS OF BEING POOR, KILLING SLASHERS AND TWO *PUBLISHERS* LATER, I'M A BIT HARDENED TO PRETTY TREES.

DUDE, HOW MANY TRIPLE SHOT MOCHA LATTES HAVE YOU HAD?

JUST THE ONE... WHY?

NOTHING.

DRINKING LATTES AND USING WI-FI IN A COFFEE SHOP. WE'RE DEFINITELY IN SEATTLE.

CHRIS E-MAILED US ABOUT A HIGH SCHOOL SOUTH OF HERE WE SHOULD CHECK OUT, BUT I HAVEN'T HEARD BACK FROM HIM ABOUT SPECIFICS.

WE HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR JUST ONE MORE, VLAD.

THANK YOU. AND THANK YOU FOR LETTING US STOP TO SEE THE NEEDLE FROM SPACE.

IT'S CALLED THE *SPACE NEEDLE*, VLAD. IT ISN'T REALLY FROM SPACE.

ARE YOU TWO FROM OUT OF TOWN?

WHAT GAVE YOU THE CLUE, THE FACT THAT WE'RE DRESSED LIKE LONG JOHN SILVER AND SAM SPADE?

SORRY, I JUST HATE THE *WEATHER*. IT MAKES ME RUDE. WELL, RUDER. *SORRY*.

OH, I UNDERSTAND. I'D COME VISIT SEATTLE, TOO, IF I HATED RAIN.

freaks.

THAT'S IT, I'M CALLING CHRIS. WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE.

SORRY ABOUT MY FRIEND. SHE IS COLD, WET AND KEEPS COMPLAINING ABOUT HER AUNT FLO...I HAVE NEVER MET HER, THOUGH, SO THAT IS STRANGE.

CHRIS, YOU GOT ANY NEWS FOR US?

I'M E-MAILING YOU AN ADDRESS IN A TOWN SOUTH OF TACOMA CALLED SPANAWAY. IT SEEMS THERE HAVE BEEN A FEW MISSING STUDENTS FROM A LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL. THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT AND FBI ARE AT A LOSS. A BUDDY OF MINE INSIDE THE SEATTLE FBI OFFICE THINKS FOUL PLAY IS HIGHLY PROBABLE.

OKAY, WE'LL GO CHECK IT OUT. GOD KNOWS HOW MUCH I LOVE HIGH SCHOOL.

BONE UP ON YOUR TEENAGE SLANG, BIG GUY, THIS ADVENTURE IS GONNA BE EPIC.

HURRR. EPIC AND RAD. WHOOP THERE IT IS.

UM, NEVER MIND.

SO, THIS HIGH SCHOOL, RYAN HIGH, HAS SEEN THREE STUDENTS DISAPPEAR WITHIN THE LAST TWO WEEKS. THE SCHOOL IS SAYING THE KIDS PROBABLY RAN AWAY FROM HOME. THE PARENTS ALL SAY NO WAY. ONE IS THE FOOTBALL COACH'S SON.

HOW DO WE FIND THE SLASHER?

♫ WHY IS IT SOMETHING SO GOOD JUST CAN'T FUNCTION NO MORE LOVE, LOVE WILL TEAR US APART AGAIN ♫

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE MOVIE *NEVER BEEN KISSED*?

IT IS A MOVIE FILM ABOUT YOU, HURR HURR.

SO, AN OVER CAFFEINATED VLAD IS A FUNNYMAN, HUH?

BOP

LOVE, LOVE WILL TEAR US APART AGAIN

NO, WISEASS, IT IS ABOUT A WOMAN WHO GOES UNDERCOVER AS A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.

I'VE BEEN KISSED, AS YOU KNOW. *JERK*.

RYAN HIGH SCHOOL

HERE WE ARE.

LET ME DO ALL OF THE TALKING AND YOU JUST PLAY ALONG, GOT IT?

YES.

AND, DON'T TAKE ANYTHING I SAY PERSONALLY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SO YOU TWO ARE TRANSFERRING TO OUR SCHOOL AND YOUR OLDER BROTHER HERE NEEDS TO ENROLL IN THE SPECIAL NEEDS PROGRAM?

YES, THAT'S CORRECT.

AND YOU HAVE NO TRANSCRIPTS OR IDENTIFICATION?

HERE'S THE RUB. I DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL BECAUSE MY MOTHER AND FATHER BOTH, WELL, *LEFT*. YOU WOULDN'T DENY A WAYWARD SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL THE CHANCE TO EARN HER DIPLOMA AND BECOME A MODEL CITIZEN, *WOULD* YOU? WHAT, WITH ALL OF THE SEX AND THE DRUGS OUT THERE, GOSH.

SEVENTEEN, HUH?

AND, MY POOR BROTHER, *LOOK* AT 'IM.

HURR DURR...

ASSAULT

GULLIBLE BITCH.

PTA RUMMAGE SALE

RINGGGGG!

SWEET, HOME EC! THAT'S FREE GRUB, BABY!

I HAVE JUST ONE CLASSROOM WITH ONE TEACHER.

WELL, SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT WE HAD TO CONVINCE HER THAT WE BELONG HERE.

WE HAVE TO FIT IN AND GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF SOME STUDENTS AND FACULTY.

THIS WON'T BE TOO HARD, OUTSMARTING HIGH SCHOOL KIDS.

VLAD?

THAT MAN TOLD ME I AM PLAYING FOOTBALL.

HEAVEN HELP THE POOR BASTARD PLAYING QUARTER-BACK.

WELL, MEET ME AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE AND STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!

YES, I DO NOT WANT TO GET SENT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, HURR HURR.

MS. HACK, LET ME GET THIS RIGHT. ON YOUR VERY FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL HERE, YOU PROCEED TO *ANTAGONIZE* YOUR PHYSICS TEACHER?

HE'S NARROW MINDED! HE CLAIMS THERE'S NO OTHER DIMENSIONS. I'M JUST SAYING IT'S POSSIBLE, IS ALL. NOT BECAUSE I'VE BEEN OR ANYTHING, THAT'D BE SILLY.

MS. HACK...CASSIE, IS IT? I *APPRECIATE* YOUR OBVIOUS PASSION FOR SCIENTIFIC CONJECTURE AND FERVENT DEBATE, BUT YOU CANNOT CALL A TEACHER A DOUCHE BAG.

YES, PRINCIPAL NOBLE, I APOLOGIZE.

EVERYONE IS ON EDGE WITH THE UNFORTUNATE OCCURENCES THAT HAVE BEFALLEN OUR SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY. I AM SURE YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT, WHICH MAKES ME PUZZLED AS TO WHY YOU AND YOUR BROTHER WOULD WANT TO TRANSFER HERE.

THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE MISSING STUDENTS?

THAT'S NOT FOR ME TO DISCUSS WITH A NEW STUDENT. HEAD BACK TO CLASS AND BEHAVE YOURSELF, YOUNG LADY. *UNDERSTOOD?*

CAN'T MAKE ANY PROMISES ON THAT ONE.

PRINCIPA

NOBLE

I'M TELLING YOU AGAIN, AMBER, YOUR SQUAD NEEDS ***DIVERSITY***. FIND SOME MINORITY GIRLS OR GEEKY GIRLS OR FREAKY GIRLS OR ***SOMEONE***, JUST NOT ANOTHER WHITE BLONDE WITH PERKY BREASTS!

BUT, COACH MOORE, WE NEED PERKY BREASTED WHITE BLONDES TO WIN STATE THIS YEAR. THAT'S WHAT JUDGES ***LIKE***.

AMBER, MEET YOUR NEW RECRUIT. I DON'T KNOW HER NAME, BUT SHE'S NOT BLONDE AND UNLESS SHE WANTS TO GET SUSPENDED FOR EAVESDROPPING, ***SHE'S*** YOUR NEW CHEERLEADER.

SLAMM!

OH, THAT'S JUST FUCKING GREAT.

LOOK, NEITHER ONE OF US IS DOWN WITH THIS SHIT, BUT LET'S MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

SURE, BUT JUST SO YOU KNOW, THE LAST TIME I WAS IN A CHEERLEADER OUTFIT I KILLED MY COACH AT CHEERLEADING CAMP.

CUTE, FREAK. SO, LIKE, ANYWAY, PRACTICE AFTER SCHOOL ON THE SOCCER FIELD.

DON'T BE LATE, *NEWBIE*.

SO, LIKE, WHAT IS UP WITH ALL THE MISSING PEOPLE AND STUFF?

I THINK THEY WERE MURDERED BY THE JANITOR. HE'S A FUCKING WHACK JOB.

YES, THE JANITOR, JILL. HOW *ORIGINAL*.

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK, SANDY?

WELL, BOBBY JENKINS TOLD HEATHER MORSE, WHO TOLD *ME*, THAT MR. JANSEN, THE WOODSHOP TEACHER, FOUND BLOOD IN THE SCHOOL KITCHEN AND SEVERAL KITCHEN KNIVES WERE MISSING.

ARE YOU OKAY?

IS THE LUNCH LADY COOL?

MS. ANNIKER IS THE SWEETEST OLD LADY IN THE WORLD. SHE WOULDN'T HURT A FLY, UNLESS IT WAS TO MAKE THE STEW, LOL.

DID YOU JUST SAY *LOL*?

DO WHAT?

SEE YA AFTER SCHOOL!

PTA

WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU, DEAR?

LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU CRAZY WHORE! I'M SICK OF YOU *HAUNTING* ME!

I HAVE TO SAY, I HAVE NEVER HAD A BRAND NEW STUDENT GET SENT TO MY OFFICE *TWICE* IN ONE DAY.

I HAVE MY *EYES* ON YOU, MS. HACK.

EAT UP, SON. THERE'S MORE TO COME.

KRUNCHH

RYAN

WOW, GIRL, YOU LOOK *HOT*. *I'D* DO YA.

DINNER AND A MOVIE FIRST, SWEETHEART.

LET'S GET STARTED.

STATE, HERE WE COME.

THAT *HGX* SHIT MUST HAVE WORKED ON YOU, BOY.

HURR?

FUCKING *HIGH SCHOOL*. OH, THE FATES PISS ON ME, VLAD.

DID YOU FIND OUT ANY NEWS ABOUT MISSING KIDS?

THESE PEOPLE ARE CLUELESS. IF IT ISN'T ABOUT WINNING FOOTBALL GAMES, BEING POPULAR OR GETTING LAID, THEY GIVES A SHIT.

WHATEVER.

I LIKE YOU IN YOUR CHEERLEADER CLOTHES...A LOT...AND I LIKE THE FOOTBALL.

SLAMMM

WHAT THE HELL...?

IT'S JUST YOUR COACH MOVING SOME TACKLING DUMMY. BUT AT *THIS* HOUR?

DOESN'T THAT GUY THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT *FOOTBALL?*

HOLY SHIT, THAT'S NO TACKLING DUMMY!

C'MON!

FUCK, IT'S *COLD*.

WHAT IN THE *HELL*?

WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING? SOME KIND OF WEIRD SEX THING?

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD IT IN YOU, BOY. OR, SHOULD I SAY, HAD IT *IN* HER?

WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH THAT *BODY*, ASSHOLE?

THAT BODY, GIRL? IT DOESN'T MUCH MIND THAT I'M A BIT ROUGH WITH HIM. NOW GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!

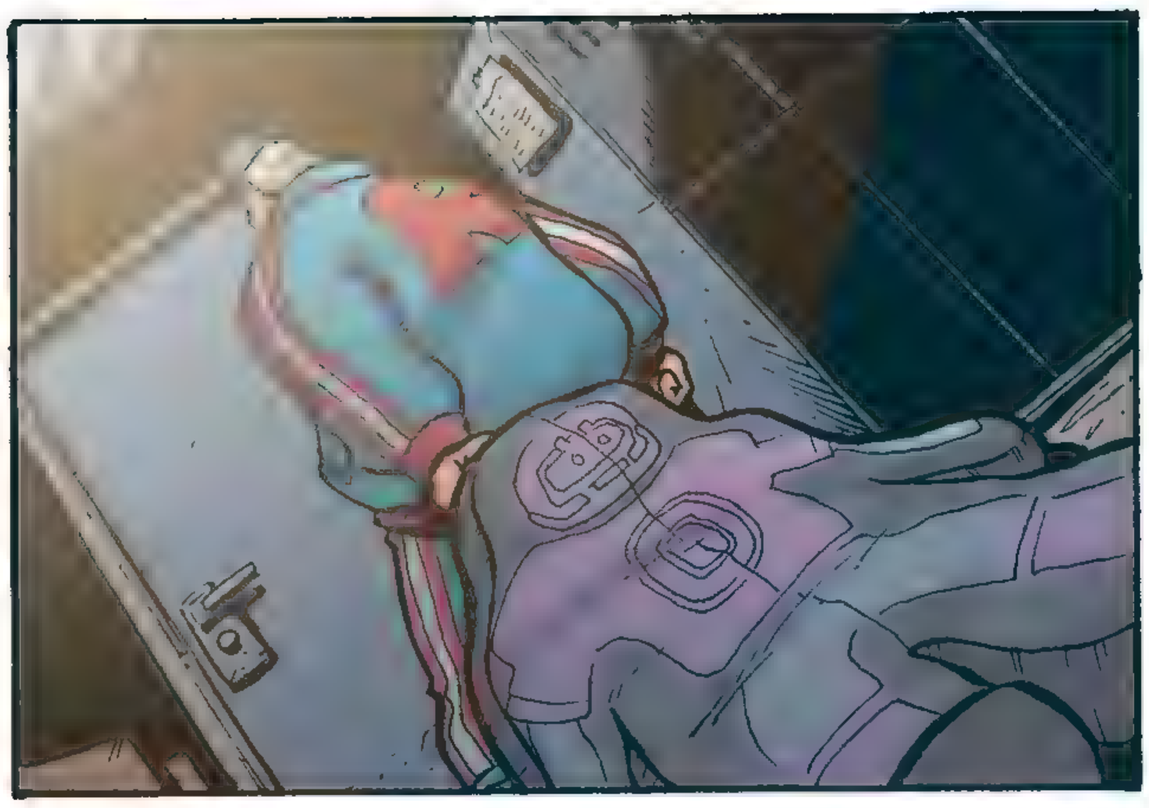
ONLY BECAUSE VLAD IS MY NEW MVP, THAT IS WHY I DON'T KICK YOUR ASSES OUT OF RYAN HIGH. NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

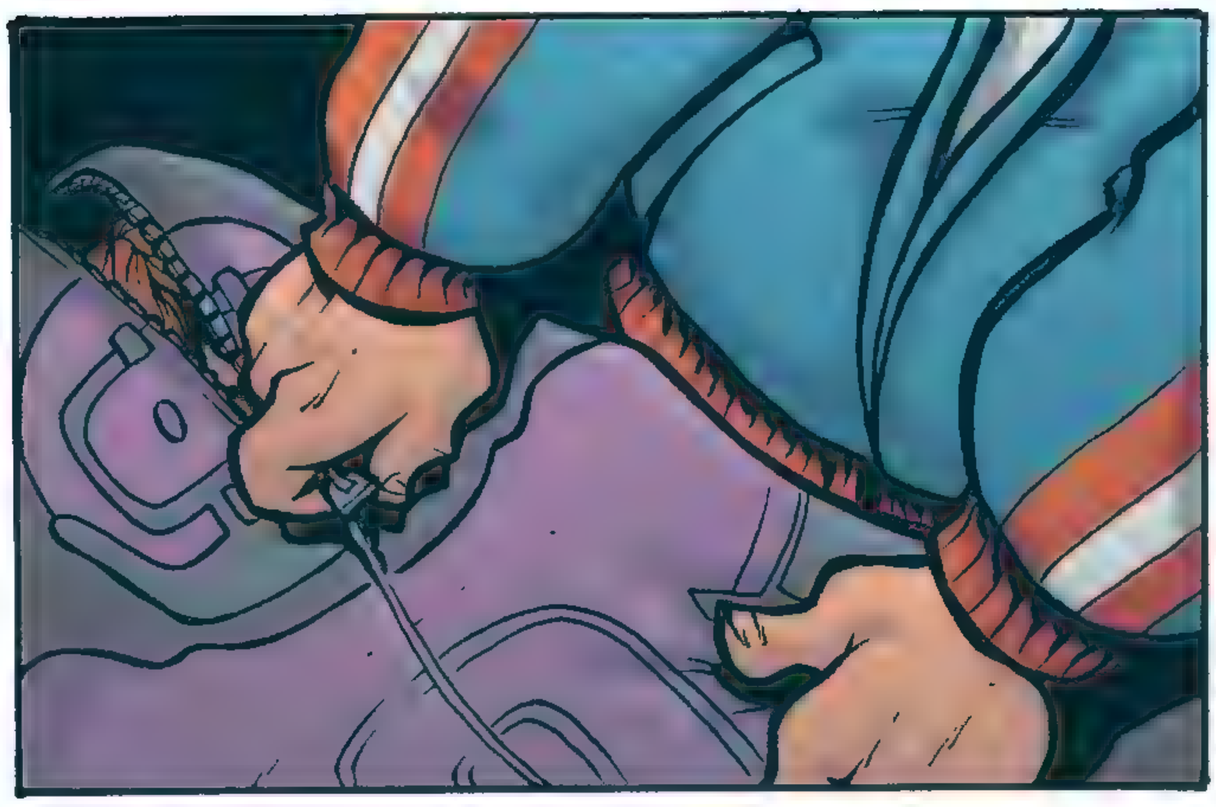
DAMN HALF NEKKID KIDS WITH KNIVES AND BATS. WHAT IN THE SAM HILL, FUCK AND ALL. GET GOING!

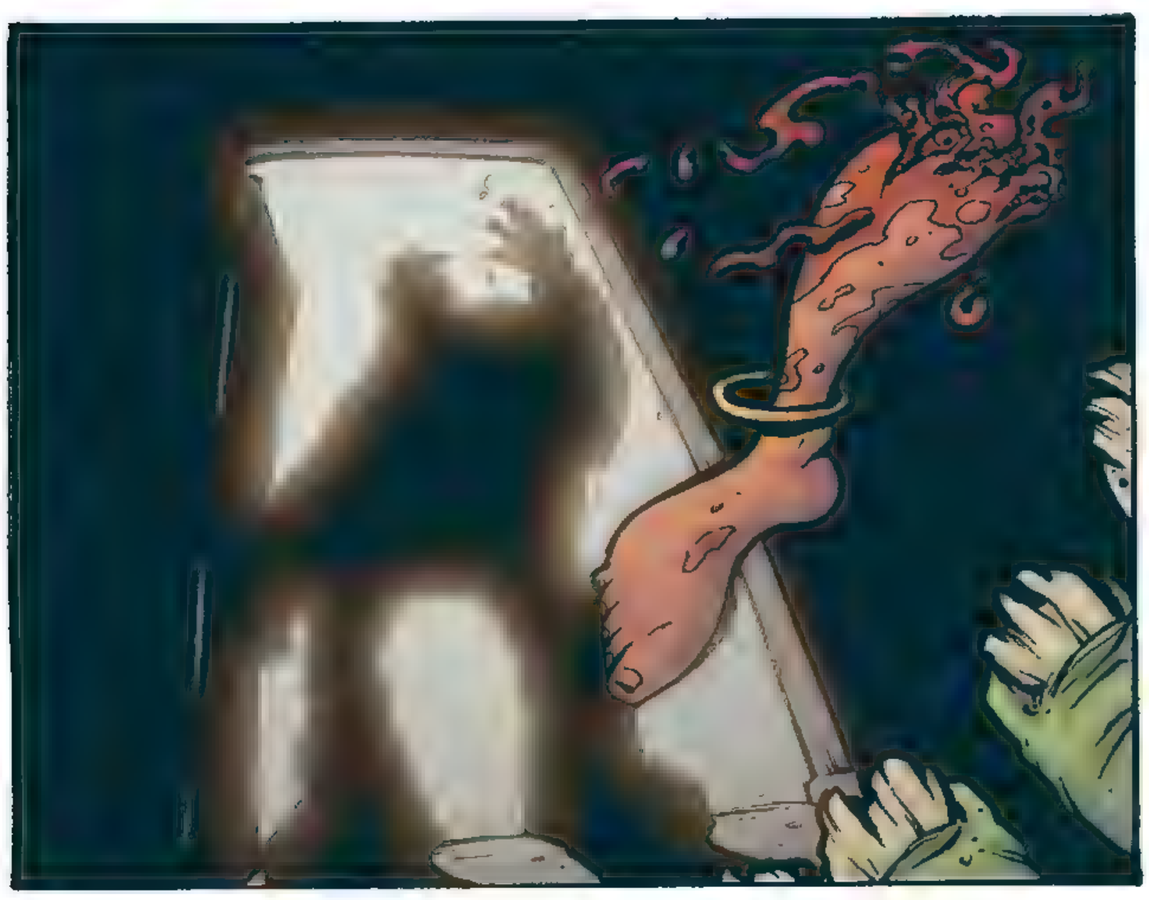
I AM NOT SEXING WITH HER, SHE IS MY SISTER.

TWO STRANGE NEW PEOPLE, ONE A MASSIVE BULK OF A DUDE, WITH WEAPONS. HE DIDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT THAT EVEN THOUGH THREE STUDENTS, INCLUDING HIS SON, HAVE BEEN REPORTED MISSING.

ODD.







WHAT A NIGHT.

MS. HACK, WHAT DO YOU *WANT*?

COACH CAMPBELL SHOULD BE THE PRIME SUSPECT IN YOUR INVESTIGATION. HE WAS ROOTING AROUND THE SCHOOL GROUNDS LATE LAST NIGHT.

A *FACULTY MEMBER* AT THE *SCHOOL*? HOW STRANGE. THAT'S A RED FLAG, NANCY DREW.

UM, NEVER MIND.

I CAN'T MENTION TO HIM HOW CAMPBELL WAS SO BLASÉ ABOUT US BEING ARMED *AND* ON SCHOOL GROUNDS LATE LAST NIGHT. WE'LL BE ARRESTED AND OUR COVER WILL BE BLOWN.

Hang in there

PRINCIPAL NOBLE

TESSA FORMAN 4 CLASS PRES.

HE WAS UNCONCERNED BECAUSE *HE'S* THE BASTARD KILLING THE KIDS. I KNOW IT.

I HAVE ENGLISH CLASS NOW. I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER.

CASSANDRA, I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO. TRUST ME... I AM SMARTEST KID IN MY SPECIAL ED CLASS.

HARDY HAR HAR. WHAT'S YOUR *PLAN*, HERO?

COACH?

COACH CAMPBELL?

Harris
Cleveland
CASEY

WHAT'S UP, VLAD? I'M A BIT SURPRISED AT YOUR BEHAVIOR LAST NIGHT, BY THE WAY. *BUT*, I CAN KEEP A SECRET AS LONG AS YOU GIVE ME FIVE QUARTER-BACK SACKS THIS WEEKEND.

HAVE A SEAT, VLAD.

YES, COACH.

MY BROTHER USED TO WORK AT A COMPANY CALLED *CEUTOTECH*. THEY MADE CRAZY SHIT THERE. HE HOOKED ME UP WITH A HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE CALLED *HGX*. WHO SUPPLIED YOU WITH *YOURS*?

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

DON'T BULLSHIT ME, BOY. UNNATURAL GROWTH, GREENISH SKIN, ODD FEATURES, FREAKISH STRENGTH. I NEED TO KNOW HOW TO FIX MY MISTAKE. YOU *ARE* PROOF IT CAN BE DONE, YES?

ARE YOU THE BAD MAN, THE MAN WHO KILLS THESE KIDS?

I NEED A SAMPLE OF YOUR BLOOD, BIG GUY. WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY OR THE *HARD* WAY.

WINNING FOOTBALL GAMES IS *IMPORTANT* TO ME, BUT SAVING WHAT I LOVE IS URGENT!

PAMPH!!

MY BROTHER, DAN, SAID HGX IS THE TOP OF THE LINE IN DESIGNER PERFORMANCE DRUGS, SAFE AND UNDETECTABLE. JACOB ONLY WANTED TO MAKE ME PROUD. HE WANTED AN EDGE AND I WANTED TO GIVE IT TO HIM.

POK!

AFTER INJECTING HIM THAT LAST TIME, HE FREAKED OUT, BUT HE CAME OUT OF IT. WE WENT HOME, AND THEN HE CHANGED. HE GOT VIOLENT.

HE WANTED TO BE SELECTED ALL-STATE, WIN THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP, GET A COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP. SCORE SOME SERIOUS TAIL. SHIT, I WOULD BE COACHING AT THE COLLEGE LEVEL IN NO TIME.

FWUMP!

HE ATTACKED HIS MOTHER AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHERS.

I TURNED MY FAMILY INTO FUCKING *ZOMBIES!*

SOUNDS LIKE A FAMILY PROBLEM TO ME, COACH.

NO, BITCH, IT'S *YOUR* PROBLEM NOW.

KACHANK

CHNK! CHNK! CHNK! CHNK!

HRRGHHH...

LET'S GO, VLAD!

!!

!?

EIEEEE!!

WHOOM

KKRACK

RIP

SHUNK!

THGHK

SPAGHK!

HOLY SHIT.

UM, *CASSIE*, IT'S THE HEART WITH *VAMPIRES*. ZOMBIES IT'S THE *HEAD*.

OH, RIGHT.

GO TEAM!

YOU CHICKS ARE HELLA BADASS. WHAT'S UP WITH *THAT*?

WE'VE GOT SOME EXPERIENCE WITH ZOMBIES. DID YOU NOT SEE THE TITLE OF THE BOOK?

VERY NICE, BUT IT APPEARS COACH CAMPBELL ESCAPED.

NOT COOL... BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER COME BACK *HERE* AGAIN. THANKS, CASSIE.

POKE. POKE

WELL, LADIES, IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT I'M DROPPING OUT OF SCHOOL, AND ALL I WANT RIGHT NOW IS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE.

THE END

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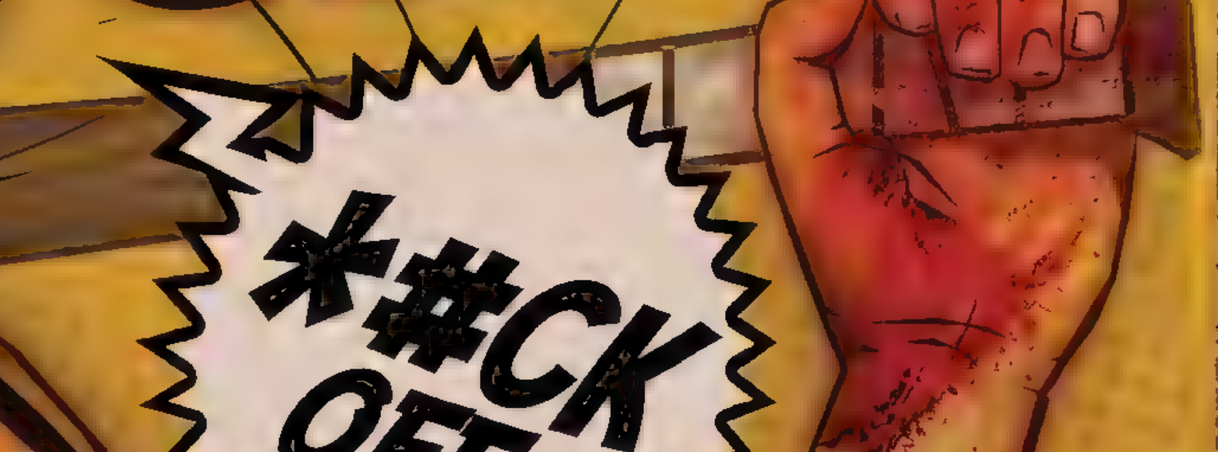

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MEETS...

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I will not hack or slash in class. I will not hack or sla
I will not hack or slash in class. I will not hack or sl
I will not hack or slash in class. I will not hack or slas
I will not hack or slash in class
I will not hack or slash in class
I will not hack or slash in class

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FANTOMAH:
DOWN IN GEORGIA

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

LIVE NUDE GIRLS!!

STOP HERE.

I FEEL A PRESENCE.

THANK YOU FOR THE RIDE DWAYNE ROBERTS. MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT PICKING UP FEMALE HITCHHIKERS FROM NOW ON.

UGHHH? Y... YE... YES MA'AM. YOU HAVE YOURSELF A NICE EVE... EVENING.

18+ ONLY ENTRANCE

I FEEL A CONNECTION HERE.

WHAT A FILTHY WATERING HOLE. WHERE IS THIS PRESENCE?

THERE.

"HER!"

GEORGIA PEACHES EVERYONE!

NOW LET'S WELCOME OUR NEXT LUSCIOUS LADY.

WHAT'LL YA HAVE THIS EVENING MISS?

FIRE WATER, IF YOU PLEASE.

...HEY.

THAT WAS QUITE A SHOW. YOU MOVE EXQUISITELY.

THANKS... *UH...* LISTEN, DO I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?

WE SHARE A COMMON BOND, YOU AND I, A MUTUAL EMOTIONAL CONNECTION, WHICH IS WHAT LED ME TO YOU.

NOW THAT YOU SAY IT LIKE THAT I DO FEEL SOMETHING... SOMETHING... FAMILIAR ABOUT YOU.

AND NOW, HERE IN YOUR PRESENCE, I CAN SENSE THAT OUR CONNECTION IS WITH A PERSON NAMED ***CASSANDRA HACK.***

CASSIE? WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH CASSIE HACK? ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE FUCKING ***SLASHER KILLERS?***

NO. I WAS ONCE A ***GOD.***

GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE. YOU AIN'T NO GOD.

SHE AND HER LARGE FRIEND, VLAD, UNWITTINGLY RELEASED ME FROM A MACHINE THAT HAD BEEN SUCKING AWAY MY POWERS FOR SIXTY YEARS.

I WAS ONCE THE KEEPER OF THE JUNGLES. LORD PROTECTOR, BUT I COULD PROTECT NOTHING FROM INSIDE A BOX.

NOW MY POWERS ARE ALL BUT GONE AND I WALK AND I SEARCH.

SO, ARE YOU BASICALLY HOMELESS?

THAT'S ENOUGH ABOUT ME FOR NOW. WHAT ABOUT YOUR STORY? WHO ARE YOU?

NOT ANY MORE, NO. NOW I ONLY HAVE A FEW ILLUSIONS TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH THIS NEW EXISTENCE WITH.

HOW DO YOU KNOW CASSIE?

AND I HAVEN'T SEEN OR HEARD FROM HER SINCE.

A BLOODY STORY, I'M SURE. CARE TO SHARE A DRINK WITH ME?

STILL KINDA IN THE PROCESS OF WORKING ALL THAT OUT IN MY HEAD, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. A LOT OF CRAZINESS WENT DOWN WHEN I MET THEM. A LOT OF BAD MEMORIES, BUT A FEW GOOD ONES TOO.

ANYWAY, SHE MADE HER CHOICE AND SPLIT.

NO THANKS. IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT AND I NEED TO GET SOME REST BEFORE MY NEXT SHIFT.

WELL, YOU DO WHATEVER IT IS YOU NEED TO DO, I GUESS. MISS PHANTOM WAS IT?

IT'S *FANTOMAH.* NICE MEETING YOU, AS WELL.

NAME'S GEORGIA.

YES, AS THE DJ POINTED OUT EARLIER.

GOODBYE, MISS GEORGIA.

CASSIE FUCKIN' HACK... SHIT.

COME

OH GOD!

AHHH. GEORGIA PEACHES. I'VE BEEN WANTING A SLICE OF YOU, TOO.

NO!!

FEEL THE PAIN OF YOUR VICTIM'S FLESH, YOU PERVERTED SOUL!

JESUS-- UGHK!

GEORGIA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GEORGIA...? *MARGARET.*

HOW'D YOU KNOW MY...? NO, NOT REALLY.

THAT'S SOMETHING I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GET USED TO SEEING.

THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

AS YOU SAID, YOU SHOULD GO HOME NOW AND REST.

I THINK I'D RATHER TAKE YOU UP ON THAT DRINK NOW.

AS YOU WISH.

AS SOON AS I DEAL WITH THESE BODIES.

WHAT ABOUT POLICE?

NO NEED TO WORRY. I CAN BE PERSUASIVE.

THE END.

THE DEAD RISE. SHE PUTS THEM BACK DOWN.

In almost every slasher movie, there's one girl who makes it all the way to the end. She's the survivor... the final girl. Meet Cassie Hack, the lone survivor of an attack by the vicious slasher known as the Lunch Lady. Now Cassie and her monstrous partner Vlad travel the country, hunting down and killing other slashers before they can leave a trail of blood and terror.

This HACK/SLASH DELUXE edition collects issues #1-11 of HACK/SLASH VOLUME 2, and also includes the HATCHET/SLASH crossover, the MURDER MESSIAH annual, and the ZOMBIES VS. CHEERLEADERS crossover, plus a brand new bonus story, written and drawn by Dan Leister!

EVE SILVER, national bestselling author of the *Body Of Sin* series, says "Gorgeously gory, irreverent and witty, HACK/SLASH is an adrenaline-fueled ride steeped with a genuine respect for fans of the slasher genre. The horror, the moments of mirth, and the character connections make Cassie and Vlad a cut above."

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IMAGE HARD COVER

29 SUPER Video SCHOFIELD, WI

20 BLOODY YEARS 2004-2024

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